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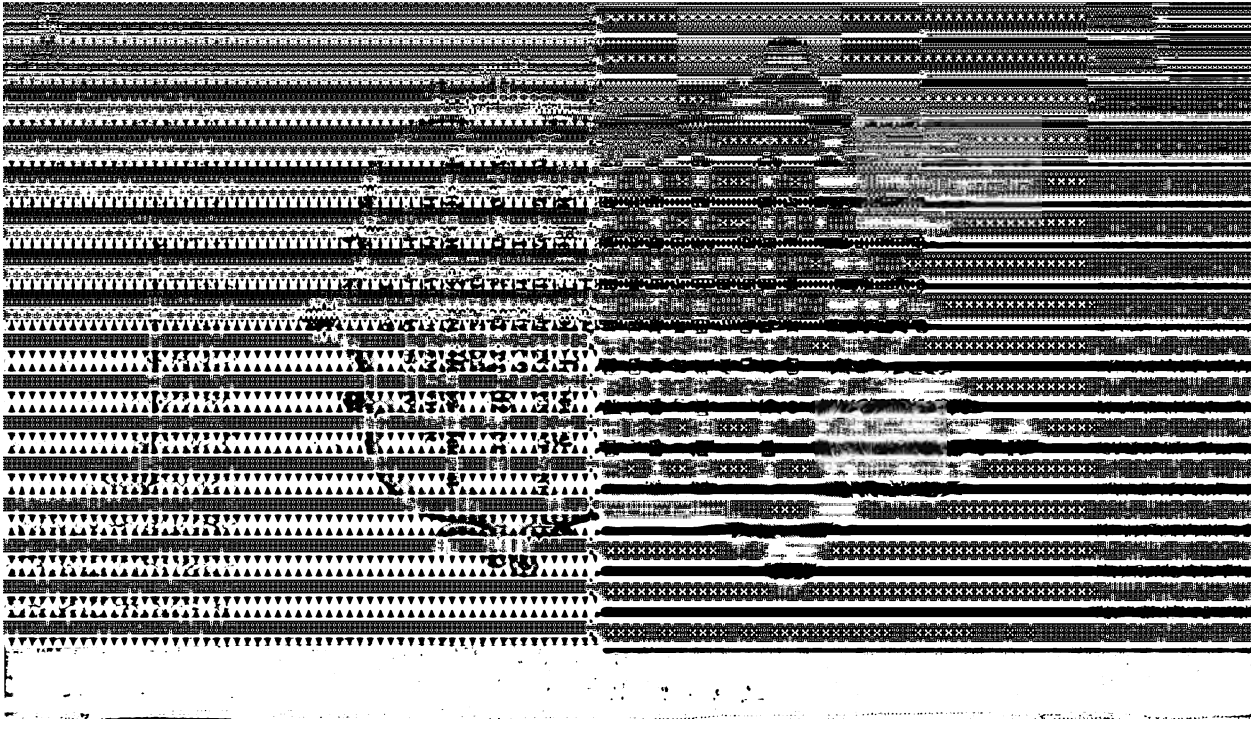

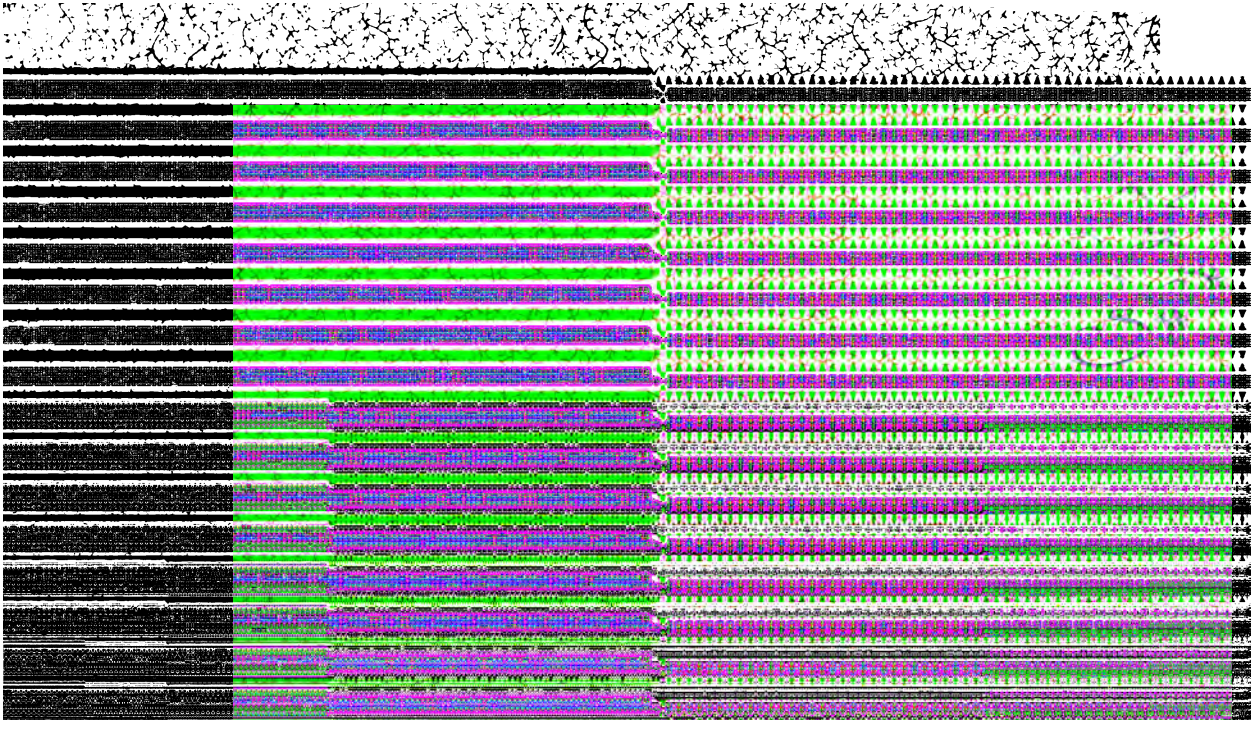

MEMOIRS

OF

Margaret Moncrieffe

MRS. COGHLAN,

(Daughter of the Major Moncrieffe,)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

Dedicated to the Britiſh Nation;

BEING INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR,

WITH REMARKS MORAL AND POLITICAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" And what is friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep—
" A ſhade that follows wealth and fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep?"— GOLDSM.

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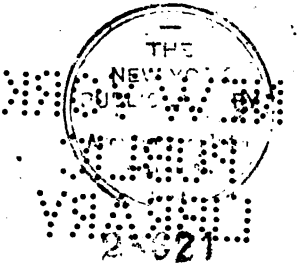
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PREFACE.

AMIDST the Tempeſt that now rages in the Political World, the Cabals of Faction, and the Terrors of Revolution, the private Sorrows of an Individual paſs unregarded: The moſt

ſplendid Contributions are raiſed for Support of Foreign Refugees; Loans and Benevolencies, to an amazing Extent, are piouſly, if not conſtitutionally, furniſhed, to ſupply the Wants of our ſuffering Troops; and all the Paſſions inherent in the Human Breaſt, are awakened and ſet in Motion, to give a pompous Diſplay to the Humility and Meekneſs of tender-

tender-hearted Charity.—We read of Titled Individuals beſtowing Hundreds in Behalf of Emigrant Popish Priests, while one solitary Guinea is prefixed to the ſame Names in Support of their own Countrymen, poor, induſtrious, famiſhed Manufacturers* !

* A Subſcription now on foot for the Benefit of the Spitalfields Weavers.

Our Streets ſwarm with Beggars, our Looms are deſerted; — Poverty every where raiſes her haggard Mien amongſt us; at the ſame Time that National Treaſures are indiſcriminatelty laviſhed with Profuſion upon Foreigners, and expended in the further Proſecution of a moſt diſaſtrous War; whereby the Fund of Wretchedneſs is daily

daily augmented; and the Spectacles of Misery that torture the Sight in all our Streets, proclaim the fatal Consequences it has already produced, and the absolute Necessity of putting a Period to the Evil.

The baneful Effects attending this Calamity, fall principally on the poor, and industrious Classes of

Society; Theyextend themſelves even unto Myſelf: The Luxuries of the Great will eaſily admit of Curtailment, but the Wants of the Poor call aloud for Redreſs. Yet, as the Former find themſelves in ſome Meaſure, called on to reduce the Number of their Superfluities from the many Claims which the Exigency of public Affairs has upon

them, ſo are they leſs diſpoſed to follow the Dictates of Charity in relieving the Pangs of Domeſtic Woe.

There exiſts another Deſcription of the Great, who thrive on the Misfortunes which the preſent Syſtem creates, without directing a Thought to their Alleviation; I allude to the vaſt additional number of

Contractors, Commiſſaries, Penſioners, and Human Locuſts of every kind, preying on the decayed Vitals of their Country. Theſe Men drain immenſe Fortunes from the Increaſe of Public Burthens, and in every new Tax, originates a new Place, whereby the Scale of Influence is alarmingly increaſed.

Hence

Hence Princes and their Miniſters are apt to delight in War: It furniſhes them with a Pretext for adding to their Military Eſtabliſhments; the Splendour of the Throne ſhines brighter, and they conceive that they enjoy a more perfect State of Security, from the immenſe Armies they retain in their pay.

Wretched

Wretched, however, is the Prince, who reſts his Hope on ſuch Foundation; the NORTHERN DESPOTS of Europe can have no other Baſis than Military Force, on which to depend for the Preſervation of their Tyranny; but the KING of a FREE Country, ſhould look to other Principles: He ſhould depend for the Preſervation of HIS Power on the

the Peace, Happineſs, Choice, and Affections of an united People.

While the Bulk of a Nation is diſtreſſed, a virtuous Prince can never enjoy a Moment's content; he cannot depart from his Threſhold, that he does not meet ſome Object of Calamity, to ſtrew Thorns in his way, He muſt reflect on the enormous

enormous Salary that he himſelf receives, the Magnificence and Waſte by which he is ſurrounded, while ſo many forlorn Wretches are periſhing through Want of the ſmalleſt Part of thoſe Superfluities, daily conſumed within his own Palace.

The Writer of the following Sheets, nurſed in the Lap of

of tendereſt Indulgence, ſprung from a Father whoſe Attachment to A KING even ſuperſeded the Duties he owed to HIS COUNTRY; ſhe who once baſked in the Sunſhine of Fortune, has lately herſelf ſtruggled with all the Miſeries ſhe has endeavoured to deſcribe.

Affliction cuts the deeper from a Recollection of former

former Enjoyments: The Memory of paſt Joys ſharpens the Senſe of her preſent Sufferings: She once little dreamed of thoſe Scenes of Horror, through which ſhe has paſſed; She little anticipated that whenever ſhe ſhould have Occaſion for the WORLD's aſſiſtance, the World would with-hold it from her. She had fondly imagined, that every

every one was her FRIEND; nor was the Veil of Deception withdrawn, till, alas! ſhe had Occaſion for its Friendſhip. Then the very Perſons who had been moſt anxious to court her Smiles, who had beguiled her with their deluſive Flatteries, who had encouraged her Errors, and ſoothed her Vices, were the firſt to keep aloof, and ſhun the Wretched-

Wretchedneſs they had helped to accompliſh.—They who had been the boſom Friends of her Father, refuſed even to hear the hapleſs Tale of his ill-fated Child: Nor did his unſhaken Zeal in the Cauſe of HIS SOVEREIGN, ever produce to his Daughter the Recompence of a Shilling from the Engliſh Government.

Theſe

Theſe are the Reflections of one, undiſturbed by the Frenzy of Party Conflicts, and only zealous in the general Cauſe of Humanity. —They are the Reflections of a Woman, chaſtened in Affliction's School, reſtored to Reaſon by the wholeſome Leſſons ſhe has received from that moſt inſtructive of all Monitors,—Adverſity!

Want

"* Want, worldly Want, that hungry
"meagre Fiend,
"Is at her Heels and chaſes her in view."

To drive off this Fiend, alas! ſhe has no other Hope, than from the Advantage ſhe may derive from this faint Production of her Pen; The Perſpective which the World now preſents to her View, is gloomy indeed: Nevertheleſs, it would be

* Venice Preſerved.

greatly

greatly brightened, if, ſhe conceived that her Example might ſerve as a Beacon to others of her Sex.

Oh! may the generous Character of the Britiſh Nation, which has ſo often ſhone reſplendent in Acts of amiable Benevolence, long preſerve its Luſtre; May it wipe off thoſe Tears, calculated to fade the Cheek of

of Beauty! May no Political Diſcord, no Party Rage ever obſcure it, and while GALLIA's Refractory Sons are revelling on the Fruits of Britiſh Benevolence, let it not be ſaid that Britania's own Legitimate Children ever ſighed or wept in vain!

MARGARET COGHLAN.

DECEMBER 7, 1793.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN.

CAPTAIN Patrick Heron, my grandfather, was quartered with his regiment at Portſmouth, where he made a conqueſt of Miſs E. Vining, daughter of Mr.

John Vining*; who was at that period mayor of the town.—The lady in queſtion was born to a very conſiderable fortune.

My grandfather being a young man and a ſoldier, it was a match quite contrary to the inclinations of the old gentleman (Mr. Vining), who uſed all poſſible means

* A beautiful monument is erected in St. Thomas church, Portſmouth, to the memory of this gentleman, ſtating him to have been ſix times mayor of that town.

to

to prevent its taking place, but love, almighty love! ſets every obſtacle at defiance, and is always ſure to furniſh means adequate to its ends. An elopement to Scotland was the reſult of Mr. Vining's obſtinacy; from Captain Heron's paternal ſeat in that country, Miſs V. acquainted her father with this act of her diſobedience, and implored his forgiveneſs. The late Duke of Bolton, and the late Lord Delawar,

became mediators with him, and their mediation induced Mr. Vining to relax from his ſeverity.

The firſt ſtep towards reconciliation, was to write a letter to my grandfather, expreſſing his reaſons for diſapproving the marriage, but at the ſame time, intreating him to quit Scotland, and bring home his bride: In this letter he propoſed to ſettle a handſome fortune on her as her marriage

riage portion, together with Vicars-Hill, a delightful ſeat in the new foreſt near Lymington.—Here my grandfather lived in the greateſt ſplendor for ſeveral years; his houſe was the univerſal receptacle of happineſs, where the rich were entertained with magnificent profuſion, and where the wretched always found comfort and protection. In the courſe of years, Mrs. Heron was the mother of nine children; from one of whom,

Captain Mark Robinſon (ſon of Admiral Robinſon,) is a deſcendant; Captain Miller of the marines married one of his ſiſters, and there are ſeveral other ſons now living. The liberal mind of my grandfather frequently involved him in diſagreeable embarraſſments; one of which obliged him to abandon his country and friends; he was one evening in a coffee houſe at Lymington, peruſing the news-papers, when a perſon

perſon by the name of Boyes applied to him, ſaying, " Captain " Heron, I am a ruined man, " ſhould you refuſe the favor I " am about to requeſt; having a " quantity of Cyder juſt landed, I " really have no place wherein " to depoſit it for the night; will " you give me permiſſion to lodge " it in your cellar?" upon which my grandfather conſented, and ſent to his Butler for the key of the Cellar, where the *ſuppoſed* Cy-

der was no ſooner placed, than an Exciſeman arrived, who had either followed it himſelf, or had received information where it lay; he told my grandfather "that "there had been ſecreted in his "Cellar one hundred and fifty "Tierces of Brandy, and that he "muſt ſearch for them;" whereon Captain Heron replied, "That "he ſhould not enter *his* pre-"miſes." The exciſeman perſiſted, and notwithſtanding a *ſe-*

vere

vere beating which he received from the ſervants, he forced the door of the Cellar, where he diſcovered the Brandy. Embaraſſed by this diſcovery, my grandfather flew to his father-in-law, the mayor of Portſmouth, and acquainting him with what had happened, aſked his advice; when the Mayor was of opinion, that he ought to conceal himſelf until he wrote to the miniſter to ſollicit ſome indulgence. He purſued

this advice, and received for anſwer, that a *capias* had been iſſued againſt him, at the ſuit of the exciſe office, for the *enormous ſum* of *twenty thouſand pounds*; that he could give no other counſel, than for him inſtantly to join the fortieth regiment, in which he had a company; and which then was ſtationed at Annapolis-Royal. Thither he went, leaving his wife at Vicars Hill, with her children, where ſhe died broken hearted,

ſix mónths after his departure:—ſuch are the cruelties, that for ever flow from exciſe laws!—He had not been long at Annapolis, when he was appointed governor of that place, which ſituation he held at the time of his deceaſe.

Here he married Miſs Margaret Jephſon, daughter of Captain Jephſon, belonging to the fortieth regiment, by whom he had Margaret, my mother. On

the death of my grandfather, his widow went from Annapolis to Halifax, in order to take a paſſage for Cork, where ſhe intended to ſettle amongſt her own friends. Major Moncrieff, my father, who was then aid de camp to General Monckton, married her eldeſt daughter. Her mother, and the other children, remained with them one month; after which they ſailed for Ireland, and almoſt within ſight of the harbour of Cork,

Cork, the veſſel foundered, and every ſoul periſhed. Owing to this ſad event, my brother Edward Cornwallis Moncrieff, and myſelf, are the only ſurvivors of that marriage, and by the will of my grandfather, proved in the *prerogative court* of Canterbury, we are the lawful heirs to all his property. The eſtate in Scotland is computed to be worth *five thouſand pounds*, per annum; and that at Lymington is of conſiderable

ſiderable value, but at preſent it is in the poſſeſſion of my mothers half brothers, and their children, whoſe names I have already mentioned.

My mother was eſteemed a beautiful woman; ſhe was a wife at the age of fourteen, and in her grave before ſhe was twenty, leaving my brother and myſelf unprotected infants. My father was likewiſe a very young man, and at that

that time only a lieutenant in the army, although aid de camp to the commander in chief, Sir Jeffery, now Lord Amherſt—General Gage, who had a ſincere friendſhip for him, propoſed that his children ſhould take up their abode at his houſe, where we were nurſed under the general's immediate inſpection, ſharing the ſame attention with his own children; and, the preſent Lord Gage was the companion of my infant years:

years: my father, however, resolved to send my brother and myself for education to Dublin. At the age of three years, I was sent across the Atlantic Ocean: my brother being then only five years old: On our arrival in Dublin, I was sent to Miss Beard's boarding school, and my brother to the HIBERNIAN ACADEMY; here I remained without seeing my father until I was eight years old, when he returned from America,

and

and was quartered in Dublin with his regiment the (fifty-fifth), in which he had then a company.—He brought with him the daughter of Judge Livingſton of New York, to whom he had been ſome time married; the *perſon* of this lady was uncommonly forbidding, but her *purſe* was irreſiſtible. Young as I was, I did not like my new mother; ſhe had, (as I above remarked,) the moſt diſagreeable countenance; and what is worſe, ſhe was a ſtran-

a ſtranger to every ſocial virtue, and a rigid Preſbyterian. My father having exchanged with the honourable Colonel Grey, from the fifty-fifth to the fifty-ninth regiment, was ſoon afterwards ordered upon the American ſtation and appointed Major of Brigade upon the Staff; the importunities of my mother-in-law were exerted to induce my father to take me back with them to New York, but he had previouſly reſolved to

educate

educate me in Dublin, and perſiſted in the intention; however, in the year 1772, both my brother and myſelf were ordered by letters from my father, to return to New York, where we landed the ſame year; my brother was ſent to the college in that city, and I remained under the care of a governeſs.—In the year 1774, my mother-in-law died, leaving to my father her fortune, for in her marriage articles, ſhe had reſerved

to

to herſelf the power of diſpoſing of it.—Six months after her death, my father *took to himſelf another wife*, one of the loveliеſt of her ſex. In her boſom, virtue, honor, and conjugal affection were blended; but alas! her fate deſtined her for an early grave. Ten months after her marriage ſhe died in child-birth of her infant ſon (my youngeſt brother), leaving him and myſelf under the care of her brother, Mr. Frederick Jay, who

was

was then member of congreſs for the province of New York; at this time, my father was with General Gage, at Boſton. Thus I found myſelf in the midſt of republicans in war againſt the crown of Great Britain,——perſecuted on every ſide, becauſe my father was fighting for the cauſe of *a king!*—At the age of thirteen, I was ſent to board at Elizabeth-Town, New Jerſey, with the family of an American Colo-

nel, where I was forced to hear my neareſt and deareſt relations continually traduced. I had remained in the houſe of this gentleman ſeveral months, when the appearance of General Howe at Staten Iſland, obliged the inhabitants of Elizabeth-Town, to ſeek refuge in the interior part of the country. I was then conducted with Colonel Banker's wife, to a village about ten miles diſtant; but grieved with the gloomy ſcene

before

before me, I availed myſelf of the abſence of the family one ſunday, while they were at church, to make my eſcape; I rode back to Elizabeth-Town, and placed myſelf *immediately* under the care of a lady *(Mrs. de Hart)**, whoſe family loved me from my tendereſt infancy. However I was not allowed to remain long in this

* The huſband of this lady, was member of the continental congreſs, who immediately reſigned his ſituation, on the independance of America *being declared.*

retreat,

retreat, the congreſs, (particularly that part of it which were related to my father by his ſecond and third WIVES) fixed their attention upon me:—They had repeatedly, at the commencement of the war, offered my father a command in the northern army; —a ſituation which was afterwards given to General Mongomery, his nephew. Bigotted to the cauſe of *a king*, my father rejected their offers, and thus we

loſt

loſt the glorious opportunity of adding the laurel of *Patriotiſm* to a name, high in the ranks of *Military Valour*; and, perhaps, unequalled in Military Science. No man ever ſerved the British Monarch with more fidelity, or fought for him with greater bravery; but I was very near falling a victim to this ſtubborn attachment. Walking one ſultry day in the garden of my protectreſs, I was beſet by a party of

 Riflemen,

Riflemen, juſt arrived from Pennſylvania; who, preſenting their bayonets to my breaſt, would certainly have killed me, had not one of the men took compaſſion on my youth, diſcovering in my features ſomething which conquered his ſavage purpoſe.—Thanks be to God! *my countrymen* did not commit an act, which certainly would have ſtained the bright immortal cauſe of Liberty; a cauſe that, I glory to ſay, firſt ſtruck root

root in my dear native country; and, which is now expanding its branches through the whole Continent of Europe.

My beautiful, and unfortunate countrywoman, Miſs Mc Rea, experienced a far different fate; ſhe alas! found *no* mercy; her charms ſerved only to ſtimulate the furious paſſions of her brutal raviſhers: arrayed in her bridal robes, awaiting the arrival of him,

the lover, who was to crown her joys, in the ſight of *a Britiſh ſoldiery*, under the command of *Britiſh officers*, ſhe was three times violated by Canadian ſavages in *Britiſh pay*, and afterwards, (oh horrible to relate!) in *cold blood, ſcalped and murdered!*

Delivered from the only ſavages I *ever* met amongſt *my own countrymen*, I applied for protection to Mr. William Livingſton, (my

(my firſt ſtep mother's brother,) who was the governor of New Jerſey: He behaved to me with harſhneſs, and even added inſult to his reproaches. Thus deſtitute of friends, I wrote to General Putnam, who inſtantly anſwered my letter by a very kind invitation to his houſe, aſſuring me, that he reſpected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that in private life, he himſelf, or any part of his family,

might always command his ſervices. On the next day, he ſent Colonel Webb, one of his aid de camps, to conduct me to New York. When I arrived in the Broad Way (a ſtreet ſo called), where General Putnam reſided, I was received with the greateſt tenderneſs both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day, I was introduced by them to General, and Mrs. Waſhington, who likewiſe made it their

ſtudy

ſtudy to ſhew me every mark of regard; but I ſeldom was allowed to be alone, although ſometimes indeed, I found an opportunity to eſcape to the gallery on the top of the houſe*, where my chief delight was to view with a teleſcope, our fleet and army at Staten Iſland. My amuſements were few, the good Mrs. Putnam em-

* Almoſt every gentleman's houſe in New York, has a gallery, with a ſummer houſe on the top.

ployed me and her daughters conſtantly to ſpin flax, for ſhirts for the American ſoldiery: Indolence in America being totally diſcouraged; and I likewiſe worked ſome for General Putnam, who, though not an accompliſhed *Muſcadin*, like our Dilletantis of St. James's ſtreet, was certainly one of the beſt characters in the world; his heart being compoſed of thoſe noble materials, which equally command reſpect and admiration.

One

One day after dinner, the congreſs was the toaſt; General Waſhington viewed me very attentively, and ſarcaſtically ſaid, "Miſs Moncrieff, you don't "drink your wine." Embarraſſed by this reproof, I knew not how to act; at laſt, as if by a ſecret impulſe, I addreſſed myſelf to the American commander, and taking the wine I ſaid, General Howe *is* the toaſt.——Vexed at my temerity, the whole company,

eſpecially General Waſhington, cenſured me; when my good friend, General Putnam, as uſual, apologiſed and aſſured them, I did not mean to offend; beſides, replied he, "every thing ſaid or "done by ſuch a child, ought ra- "ther to amuſe than affront you" —General Waſhington, piqued at this obſervation, then ſaid, "Well "Miſs,——I will overlook your "indiſcretion, on condition that "you drink my health, or Gene-

"ral

" ral Putnam's, the firſt time you
" dine at Sir William Howe's
" table, on the other ſide of the
" water."

Theſe words conveyed to me a flattering hope, that I ſhould once more ſee my father; and, I promiſed General Waſhington, to do any thing which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him.

Not long after this circumſtance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten-Iſland, with letters from Major Moncrieff, demanding me, for he now conſidered me as a priſoner. General Waſhington would not acquieſce in this demand, ſaying, " that I ſhould remain a " hoſtage for my father's good be- " haviour." I muſt here obſerve, that when General Waſhington refuſed to deliver me up, the noble minded Putman, as if it were by inſtinct,

inſtinct, laid his hand on his ſword, and with a violent oath ſwore, "that my father's requeſt "*ſhould* be granted." The commander in chief, whoſe influence governed the Congreſs, ſoon prevailed on them to conſider me as a perſon whoſe ſituation required their ſtrict attention*; and, that I might

* My father's knowlede of the country, induced General Waſhington to uſe every expedient in order to ſeduce him from the Royal cauſe, and he knew there was none more

I might not eſcape, they ordered me to Kings Bridge, where, in juſtice, I muſt ſay, that I was treated with the utmoſt tenderneſs; General Mifflin there commanded; his lady was a moſt accompliſhed, beautiful woman, a quaker; and here, my heart received its firſt impreſſion,—an impreſſion, that amidſt the ſubſequent ſhocks which it has re-

more likely to ſucceed than that of attacking his parental feelings,

ceived,

ceived, has never been effaced, and which rendered me very unfit to admit the embraces of an unfeeling, brutiſh *huſband*.

Oh! may theſe pages one day meet the eye of him, who ſubdued my virgin heart, whom the immutable, unerring laws of nature, had pointed out for my huſband, but whoſe ſacred decree, the barbarous cuſtoms of ſociety, fatally violated. To him I plight-

I plighted my virgin vow, and I ſhall never ceaſe to lament, that obedience to a *father* left it incomplete. When I reflect on my *paſt* ſufferings; now that alas! my *preſent* ſorrows preſs heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating, a little, on the inevitable horrors which ever attend the fruſtration of natural affections; I myſelf, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human nature knows,

knows, am a melancholy example of this truth, for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated for the purer joys of domeſtic life, than for that huricane of extravagance and diſſipation on which I have been wrecked.——

Why is the will of nature ſo often perverted? Why is ſocial happineſs for ever ſacrificed at the altar of prejudice? Avarice has uſurped the throne of reaſon, and the

the affections of the heart are not conſulted. We cannot command our deſires, and when the object of our being is unattained, miſery muſt be neceſſarily our doom. Let this truth, therefore, be for ever remembered: when once an affection has rooted itſelf in a tender, conſtant heart, no time, no circumſtance, can eradicate it. Unfortunate then are they who are joined, if their hearts are not matched!——

—With

——With this *Conqueror* of my ſoul, how happy ſhould I now have been! What ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould I have avoided! (at leaſt I am pleaſed to think ſo) if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations; and happier; Oh, ten thouſand times happier! ſhould I have been with him, in the wildeſt deſert of *our native country*, the woods affording us our only ſhelter, and their fruits our only repaſt; than under the

the canopy of coſtly ſtate; with all the refinements and embeliſhment of courts, with the royal warrior, who would fain have proved himſelf the *Conqueror* of France.

My Conqueror was engaged in another cauſe, he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: He fought to liberate, not to enſlave nations—He was a Colonel in the American army; and high in the eſtimation

eſtimation of his country; *His* victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought; they ſhone as bright as the cauſe which atchieved them! I had communicated, by letter to General Putman, the propoſals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them, and I was embarraſſed by the anſwer which the General returned; he intreated me to remember that the perſon in queſtion, from his

 political

political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by obſerving, "that I ſurely "would not unite myſelf with a "man, who, in his zeal for the "cauſe of his country, would not "heſitate to drench his ſword in "the blood of my neareſt relation, "ſhould he be oppoſed to him in "battle:" Saying this, he lamented the neceſſity of giving advice contrary to his own ſentiments; ſince, in every other reſpect, he conſidered

ſidered the match as unexceptionable. — Nevertheleſs, General Putnam, after this diſcovery, appeared in all his viſits to Kings Bridge, extremely reſerved; his eyes were conſtantly fixed on me, nor did he ever ceaſe to make me the object of his concern to Congreſs, and, after various applications,—he ſucceeded in obtaining leave for my departure, when, in order that I ſhould go to Staten Iſland with the reſpect due to my

ſex and family, the barge belonging to the continental Congreſs was ordered with twelve oars, and a general officer, together with his ſuite, was diſpatched to ſee me ſafe acroſs the bay of New York. The day was ſo very tempeſtuous, that I was half drowned with the waves daſhing againſt me. When we came within hail of the Eagle man of war, which was Lord Howe's ſhip, a flag of truce was ſent to meet

meet us; the officer diſpatched on this occaſion, was Lieutenant Brown.—General Knox told him that he had received orders, to ſee me ſafe to head quarters. Lieutenant Brown replied, "it "was impoſſible; as no perſon "from the enemy could approach "nearer the Engliſh fleet,"—but added, "that if I would place "myſelf under his protection, he "certainly would attend me thi-"ther."——I then entered the

barge, and bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned MY BACK ON LIBERTY!——

——We firſt rowed along ſide the Eagle, and Mr. Brown afterwards conveyed me to head quarters: When my name was announced, the Britiſh commander in chief ſent Colonel Sherriff (lately made a General) and who, during my father's life

time, was one of *his moſt particular* friends (although, alas! the endearing ſentiment of friendſhip now ſeems extinct in his breaſt, as far as the unhappy daughter is concerned,)——with an invitation from Sir William Howe, to dinner, which was neceſſarily accepted. When introduced, I cannot deſcribe the emotion I felt; ſo ſudden the tranſition in a few hours, that I was ready to ſink into the earth. Judge the diſtreſs

of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquiſitive eyes of at leaſt forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the General—Fatigued with their faſtidious compliments, I could only hear the buz amongſt them, ſaying, " ſhe is a ſweet girl, ſhe is " divinely handſome," although it was ſome relief, to be placed at table next the wife of Major Montreſor, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this

circum-

circumſtance, I recovered a degree of confidence, but being unfortunately aſked, (agreeably with military etiquette,) for a *Toaſt*, I gave General Putman; Colonel Sheriff ſaid, in a low voice, "you "muſt not give him here;" when Sir William Howe complaiſantly replied, "O! by all means, if he "be the lady's *ſweetheart*, I can "have no objection to drink his "health." This involved me in a new dilemma, I wiſhed myſelf

a thouſand miles diſtant, and to divert the attention of the company, I gave to the General a letter, that I had been commiſſioned to deliver from General *Putnam*, of which the following is a copy—(and here I conſider myſelf bound to apologize for the bad ſpelling of my moſt excellent Republican friend.—The bad orthography was amply compenſated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.)

"* *Ginrole*

" *Ginrole* Putman's compliments
" to Major Moncrieffe, has made
" him a preſent of a fine daughter,
" if he dont *lick*† her he muſt ſend
" her back again, and he will
" provide her with a fine good
" *Twig* huſband."

The ſubſtitution of *Twig*, for *Whig* huſband, ſerved as a fund of entertainment to the company.

* For General. † For like.

Immediately, the General informed me that my father was with Lord Percy *, and obligingly ſaid, "that a carriage ſhould be provided to convey me to him, gallantly adding, amongſt ſo many "gentlemen a *beautiful young Lady* "certainly couldnot want a *Ceciſbeo* "to conduct her."—Knowing Colonel Small from my earlieſt youth, I aſked him to render me that ſervice; to which he conſented.—

* Now Duke of Northumberland.

Lord

Lord Percy then lived nine miles diſtant from head quarters, and when we arrived at his houſe, my father was walking on the lawn with his Lordſhip.——Colonel Small, apprehenſive of the conſequences which might enſue from a too abrupt introduction, delicately hinted to him that I was at Sir William Howe's.——Lord Percy, equally impatient to ſee me, replied, " Heaven be praiſed! " Major, let us inſtantly go and

"conduct her hither." Such trouble was, however, unneceſſary: In a few minutes, I was introduced, when, overcome by the emotions of filial tenderneſs, I fainted in my father's arms, where I remained in a ſtate of inſenſibility, during half an hour; at length recovered, mutual congratulations paſſed on all ſides, when it became neceſſary to conſider, in what manner I was to be diſpoſed of, ſince all his Lordſhip's *ſuite*

ſlept

ſlept in Marquees, but the hoſpitality of this nobleman, roſe above ceremony, and that the daughter ſhould not ſo ſoon again be ſeperated from her parent, he ordered one of his own apartments to be prepared for me. Here I lived happy, till the Royal Army quitted Staten Iſland.—A fortnight previous thereto, my father had been appointed Major of Brigade to the diviſion commanded by Lord Cornwallis; an event that

mentals, was forced to put on the *Red Ribbon*, (a mark which the Americans wore, in order to diſtinguiſh their own ſtaff-officers;) and while he was endeavouring to perſuade the men to ſurrender themſelves to the Royal Army, they were ſurrounded by a party of Heſſians, who miſtaking my father, conceived him, from the badge he had on, to be a Colonel of the enemy: In vain he remonſtrated; they made him aſſiſt to draw

draw the heavy Cannon, in which laborious exerciſe, he was recogniſed by a Colonel in the Britiſh Army, the Heſſian officer, confuſed on diſcovering his error, conſequently made every due apology. This event frequently cauſed us much entertainment: The ſucceſs of the Royaliſts ſoon reſtored to us the poſſeſſion of our property at New York, where we were no ſooner ſettled, than my father ſent an invitation to the

widow

widow of a gentleman (who had been formerly a Paymaſter general of the Britiſh Forces) requeſting her to accept his houſe as an Aſylum; his object in ſo doing, was on my account, his public ſituation obliging him to be ever abſent from home.—I had now acquired a number of admirers, but having poſitively *renounced* all thoughts of *Marriage*, I obtained conſent to depart for England with Colonel and Mrs. Horsfall, who were to

embark

embark in the month of March 1777. It was then reſolved that, on my arrival in England, I ſhould be placed at Queen's Square boarding ſchool.—How vain is it for mortals to anticipate plans which Providence in an inſtant can entirely deſtroy!—

Mr. Coghlan, my preſent huſband, ſaw me at an aſſembly, when, without either conſulting *my heart*, or deigning to aſk my permiſſion

permiſſion, he inſtantly demanded me in marriage, and won my father to his purpoſe.——In a ſavage mind, which only conſidered ſenſual enjoyments, affection was not an object, for I told him at the time he had *not* my affection, and conjured him in the moſt perſuaſive terms, to act as a man of honor, and humanity; his reply was congenial with his character, he valued not any refuſal on *my part*, ſo long as he had the

Major's

Major's conſent; and, with a dreadful *oath*, he ſwore, "that my "obſtinacy ſhould not avail me." Indeed, my refuſal ſignified nothing, he inſinuated himſelf ſo far into my father's confidence, as to draw upon me the anger of a parent, to whoſe diſpleaſure I had never been accuſtomed, and whoſe rebukes I had not reſolution to reſiſt: Confined to my own apartment, I was forbid his preſence, unleſs prepared to receive the huſband:

huſband he had provided for me. Wretched in mind, ſmarting under the ſad reverſe, I who had only known the heart cheering ſmiles of parental fondneſs, to become the object of parental anger; the idea overcame me, and beſieged, at the ſame time, by the pathetic intreaties of a much-loved brother, I unhappily yielded; and here fate daſhed me on a rock which has deſtroyed my peace of mind in *this* world, and may

may, perhaps, have paved my way to eternal torments in another.

Unable, as I have ſaid, to refuſe the earneſt ſolicitations of a brother, my earlieſt and deareſt friend, I took to my bed a viper, who has ſtung me even unto death, who has hurled me from the rank to which I was *born*, and for ever baniſhed me from all thoſe amiable enjoyments of ſociety,

ciety, without which, life is a vacuum not to be endured.

In conſequence of theſe fatal intreaties, I was married to Mr. John Coghlan, on the 28th of February, 1777, at New York, by ſpecial licence, granted by Sir William Tryon, who was then Civil Governor of that Province. At this period, I was only fourteen years and a few months old; ſo early did I fall a melancholy victim

tim to the haſty deciſion of well meaning, but alas! moſt miſtaken relations. My union with Mr. Coghlan I never conſidered in any other light, than an honorable proſtitution, as I really *hated* the man whom they had compelled me to marry.

As the prelude was inauſpicious ſo did a diſmal omen ſucceed our wedding: The worthy Doctor Auchmuty, who was then Rector

of

I might not eſcape, they ordered me to Kings Bridge, where, in juſtice, I muſt ſay, that I was treated with the utmoſt tenderneſs; General Mifflin there commanded; his lady was a moſt accompliſhed, beautiful woman, a quaker; and here, my heart received its firſt impreſſion,—an impreſſion, that amidſt the ſubſequent ſhocks which it has re-

more likely to ſucceed than that of attacking his parental feelings,

ceived,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

meet [illegible]

dued [illegible]

immutable [illegible]

ture, had [illegible]

huſband, [illegible]

cree, the [illegible]

ſociety, fatally [illegible]

of New York, and had married us that evening, complained on the ſame evening, while at ſupper, of indiſpoſition, and three days afterwards, he finiſhed his mortal race.—We were the laſt couple married by this truly amiable man, this exemplary pattern of true chriſtian piety,—— but when he joined our hands, (I cannot ſay our hearts,) he wedded *me*, as I have before obſerved, to a ſeries of wretchedneſs,

neſs, from which, Heaven alone holds forth a proſpect of relief.

Educated in the ſchool of virtue, and, I truſt, *naturally averſe* to thoſe ſcenes of vice, in which my unhappy ſtars have ſince involved me; let my example ſerve as a ſalutary caution to other brothers—to other fathers—how they attempt to influence, the choice, or to force the inclinations, of inexperienced female youth, on a

point, where every thing moſt valuable and ſacred is concerned. —Let the *compulſion* practiſed on me, apologiſe with the liberal mind for the tranſgreſſions of youth, doomed to the chains of a deteſted marriage.—Had it been my lot to have been united in wedlock with *the man of my affections*, my ſoul and body might now have been all purity, and the world would not then have loſt a being,

being, naturally ſocial, generous, and humane.

A few months after our nuptials, Mr. Coghlan was ordered, with his regiment, to Philadelphia, whither he repaired; leaving me at Long Iſland with my father.—For ſeveral months, I never received any letter from him; a circumſtance which cauſed great diſpleaſure to all my relations; but to me, it was of little

conſequence, as my greateſt happineſs was to remain peaceably at home with my family.—However, this ſatisfaction was not long enjoyed. One evening, as ſitting with my father, the arrival of my huſband was announced; the maſter of the houſe received him with open arms, but I met him with an air of *diſguſt*, having never learned the ſecret to diſguiſe my genuine feelings. In the courſe of converſation, we diſcovered

covered that he had ſold out of the army in defiance of *his* father's poſitive commands; and that it was his intention, inſtantly to embark for England, where he propoſed that I ſhould accompany him.—Thus, I was forced from the paternal roof of my only friend, *my natural protector*.

Mr. Coghlan took lodgings at New York, where he introduced

me to libertines, and to women of doubtful character. In this city we remained about a month, when a Convoy being ready to ſail for Cork, we embarked on the 8th of February, 1778, and had not been many days at ſea, before my huſband, freed from all reſtraint, from the protection that I had enjoyed under my father's roof, threw off the maſk of deception and appeared in his true native

native character, the *brutiſh unfeeling tyrant!* never omitting an opportunity to perſecute and torment me.——Innumerable cruelties did I endure from this man, while on our paſſage; and ſo unrelenting was he in his barbarous treatment, that it, at length became public in the ſhip, and obliged Captain Kidd, the Commander, to take notice of it, threatening to confine him as a madman, if he perſevered in his inhuman ca-

reer*. In three weeks after our departure from New York, the fleet diſcovered land; but beat off by ſtrong eaſterly winds, we could not make Cape Clear, ſo that the Captain was obliged to take all the ſhips he had under convoy into Crook Haven, a ſmall port in the weſt of Ireland.—The veſſels no ſooner came to anchor,

* Vide the libel exhibited by me againſt my huſband, which remains on record in the Eccleſiaſtical court.

than

than *my tyrant* ſent his horſe aſhore, which he had brought from America; leaving me, young and unprotected, in the midſt of ſix or ſeven hundred men, for the ſpace of fourteen days, without a ſingle individual of my own ſex in the whole fleet. Thus I was expoſed to various inſults, for when my huſband openly abandoned me, it was natural to conclude that others would not be

remiſs in practiſing their arts of ſeduction againſt me.

When the wind became favorable, we again ſailed and landed at the Cove of Cork. On my arrival in the latter city, I was received by the Mayor, a near relation of my huſband's, who ſoon introduced me to him; I was pleaſed to find that he made ſome apologies for having left me ſo abruptly, remarking that it was in

con-

conſequence of ſome liberties he conceived Captain Kidd had taken with him.

During my ſtay at Cork, which laſted ten days, I was treated with all poſſible civility and reſpect. From hence we went to Dublin, where, on our arrival, my uncle Alderman Moncrieffe (who is now one of the chief magiſtrates, and Lord Mayor elect of that City,) expreſſed great diſpleaſure on hear-

ing that I had remained ſo long at Crook Haven, under the circumſtances I have deſcribed.—In a few days, Mr. Coghlan, leaving me with my uncle, went over to England, where he remained one month. While he had been abſent, and in London, his mind had been poiſoned by a variety of calumnies that ſome good natured friends had inſinuated againſt me.—On his return, he roundly told me, that he had taken an old manſion

in

in Wales, for the expreſs purpoſe of ſecluding me from the world; that *his* deſign was to break my *ſpirit*; and if that would not do, to break my *heart*.—In vain I practiſed every art in my power to fruſtrate this inhuman project; but finding all my intreaties and exertions ineffectual, I poſitively told both him and my uncle, that I was determined not to remain in Wales, and boldly declared, that I would leave him

and

and fly to my father's friends in England.——He, however, peremptorily perſiſted in his reſolution, and I believe has ſince lamented *his folly*. When we had reached the inn at Conway (on our way to the *Old Manſion*) all my thoughts were bent on an eſcape, and the very firſt moment that he left me alone, I fled from my tormentor, and ſought my way acroſs the mountains, deſtitute of money, and without a hut

hut to afford me ſhelter from the inclemency of the weather; but, ſupported by the native innocence of my own heart, I eſcaped from the great, regardleſs of all leſſer, evils; I encountered many difficulties on my road. Youth, however, and perſeverance, enabled me to ſurmount them all. —Lovers preſſed around me at every inn; Hibernia's gallant ſons, ſome of whom had ſeen me in Dublin, made the moſt liberal offers,

offers, and uttered the warmeſt vows; they would have eſcorted me to London, or to any other part of the world; but I turned a deaf ear to their proteſtations, and continued my pedeſtrian journey, an innocent, ſolitary fugitive! From my juvenile appearance, I naturally became an object of ſuſpicion to the different inn-keepers, who conſidered me as an amorous adventurer, run away from my parents; but on a candid recital of my

my artleſs tale, and on my repoſing implicit confidence in them, they conſented to aſſiſt and facilitate my flight.—When I arrived at Namptwich, I wrote to Lord Thomas Clinton, (now Lord Lincoln) who had been on very intimate terms with my friends in America.

Here, perhaps, my conduct was imprudent, although, I truſt, not altogether *guilty*; neverthe-

leſs,

leſs, this act of indiſcretion has poſſibly occaſioned many of the ſubſequent miſeries that I have ſince endured.—My letter to his lordſhip, was immediately anſwered by Mr. Jackſon (attorney to Lord Thomas) encloſing, by his lordſhip's order, twenty pounds, and containing a requeſt from him, that I ſhould conſider myſelf under his protection; ſignifying that Mr. Coghlan had challenged him, in

con-

conſequence of ſome ſuſpicions which he entertained concerning an amorous attachment between his Lordſhip and myſelf.

I had forgot to mention, that my huſband purſued me from Conway, but taking a different road, miſſed his object. When he arrived in London, he inſtantly repaired to the houſe of General Gage, who hinted *to him* the probability of his finding me with

Lord

Lord Thomas, the General having heard a report to that purpoſe.—Alarmed by this intelligence, he ſent for his brother-in-law, Mr. Phipps, (the late member for Peterborough,) who accompanied him to Sunning-Hill; at which place Lord Thomas then reſided: He immediately accuſed the latter of having been my ſeducer, inſiſted on ſearching the houſe, and in caſe of refuſal, declared that he was prepared;

and

and would inſiſt on that ſatisfaction, to which an injured huſband was entitled. Fortunately, ſome gentlemen, who were on a viſit to his Lordſhip, interfered, and aſſured Mr. Coghlan that *I was* not in *the houſe*; when, after much perſuaſion, he was induced to return to London, at the ſame time denouncing vengeance if he ſhould hereafter diſcover, that any deception had been practiſed on him.—I have never ceaſed to

rejoice

rejoice that this affair had no fatal cataſtrophe. My huſband's temper was naturally violent; and, born in a country where the barbarous prejudice of Duelling bears ſuch abſolute ſway, the noble Lord might have fallen a victim to this ſavage cuſtom, the Illuſtrious Houſe of Newcaſtle might have been deprived of their Heir, and thus another *Hope* of a *puiſſant Family* have been loſt!

—Amongſt

——Amongſt a brave and enlightened people, who have always diſplayed the moſt exemplary valour in defending their rights, and whoſe generous Volunteers, led on, in the hour of danger, by the Patriots Grattan, Charlemont, Leinſter, and other noble chiefs, have never heſitated to make the deareſt ſacrifice for the public ſafety, it cannot be too much lamented, that heroes ſo prodigal of life, ſhould not have courage

to

to oppoſe and annihilate, a barbariſm, which has for many centuries fixed a ſtigma on a country in every other reſpect amiable, and whoſe Bravery and Gallantry are univerſally renowned through all the nations of the world.

I am ſorry to remark, to the utter diſgrace of Lord Clinton, that his behaviour to me, when I fell within his power, was ſuch as reflects diſhonor both on his *head* and

and *heart*. In the former, I at once diſcovered a vacancy, it did not, therefore, afterwards ſurprize me to find *a canker* in the latter, having always remarked a weak head and unprincipled mind to be perfectly congenial to each other. This *ſoi diſant Nobleman* meanly propoſed to ſurrender me, young and beautiful as I was then conſidered, (and at the ſame time under his immediate care,) to the arms of one of his libertine com-

 panions,

panions, only anxious to avoid the menaces of an enraged Hibernian, and to ſecure himſelf from an Action of Damages.—Such an act, committed by a man of inferior birth, would have diſgraced him among his fellows; while *the Noble* derives from thence additional *fame*, and a breach of every moral duty in the higher circles is regarded as mere faſhionable levity, as the elegant *nonchalance* of polite life.—In that claſs, diſtinction

keeps pace with *vice*, and a ſtrict obſervance of morality is deemed dulneſs and inſipidity.——

After what I have ſaid of Nobility, let me be permitted to make one *honourable* exception, I ſhould be ungrateful indeed, and belie the feelings of my ſoul, if I did not proclaim *My dear friend* Lord Hervey, a Nobleman poſſeſſing honor, generoſity and affection—His heart, always open

to the congenial feelings of humanity, never refuſed obedience to its ſacred impulſe—I knew him in his prime of youth, and altho' now ſome years have paſſed ſince I enjoyed the happineſs of ſeeing him, I am pleaſed to flatter myſelf that his ſoul has eſcaped the Politician's lot,—that it has not become hardened and corrupt.—

How often have I obſerved him check the manly tear which had inſtinct-

inſtinctively ſtarted in *his* eye, on a recital of my misfortunes; and how ſincerely has he appeared to lament the want *of power* to reſtore me to that ſituation, which I was born to fill in the world.—While living under the protection of Lord Clinton, I endured many unhappy hours, and my affliction did not paſs unobſerved by my attendants,—One day I was ſurpriſed *in tears*, by my own woman, to whom I related my ſtory,

apartments in the Dominican Convent: I had not been long in this gloomy retirement, before I was ſurpriſed with a viſit from Lord Thomas Clinton, who informed me of the death of his brother, the late Lord Lincoln,—and was pleaſed to ſay, that his object in coming to Calais, was to know if I was happy. Youth is the ſeaſon of credulity, and flattery never yet was unwelcome to a *female ear*. Being myſelf naturally of a lively temper,

temper, I could but ill adapt my ideas to the diſmal ſolitude of a monaſtery, or to the melancholy habits of its ſuperſtitious inhabitants, and a circumſtance * had

* Alluding to a Ceremony annually obſerved on All Saints Day, or the Reſurrection of Souls; when the Bones and Sculls of the Dead, which had, long before, been peacably conſigned to their Mother earth, together with a Coffin, are placed in the Chapel of the Convent, where all the Ladies of the Society are made to attend the doleful Scene at Midnight.

lately happened, which had determined me to quit my preſent companions. I knew it was in vain to aſk permiſſion from my friends to return to England, as it had been determined, by them, that I ſhould continue three years in the Convent,—and *abſolute* orders had been given to the Superior, that no ſtranger ſhould be admitted to ſee me, unleſs he brought letters from them—I mentioned this circumſtance to Lord Lincoln;

coln; but he was *too* well acquainted with the *ſecret Virtue* of that *Golden Key* which he poſſeſſed, to pay attention to ſuch orders. The ſcrupulous delicacy of Madame Gray (Superior of the Convent) could not reſiſt the magic of *this Key*, her *virtue* yielded, —and I conſequently dined with his Lordſhip, nor ever more returned to my *diſintereſted* friend Madame Gray, but agreeable with his Lordſhip's advice,

took my paſſage to England.——The Nuns, alarmed at my flight, wrote to my friends, excuſing themſelves from having been privy to my eſcape, and imputing the whole blame to *the woman* whoſe buſineſs it is to walk out with the penſioners, as being auxiliary to my departure.——Soon after my arrival in London, General Gage was informed of my return, and of the place where I had taken up my reſidence.—He immediately diſ-

diſpatched Major Brown to my lodgings, and by him I was acquainted with the miſery, which my father ſuffered on my account. Unable to endure the thought of afflicting the tendereſt of parents, whom I, moſt affectionately loved, I was eaſily induced to forego thoſe viſionary and fatal ſchemes of happineſs, which my imagination had formed: Thus reſtored to my friends, I was fixed by Mrs. Gage

with

with a reſpectable family near Groſvenor Square.——

Sir Charles Gould, who was in habits of correſpondence with Major Moncrieff, paid the expences of my board, at the *Major's deſire*,——Here I remained two years, at the expiration of which time, Mrs. Gage informed me that ſhe had received letters from my father—wherein he expreſſed his wiſhes that I would form ſome

plan

plan, whereby to gain a future livelihood:—that, as by my imprudence, I had rendered it impoſſible for *him* to countenance me as *his* daughter, he adviſed me to endeavour to learn the Mantua-making buſineſs.—The propoſal I rejected, conſidering that I was entitled to a ſeparate maintenance from my huſband, *proportionate* to *his* fortune.—Thus embarraſſed, I waited on Lord Amherſt, informing him of my unhappy marriage.

riage. His Lordſhip, remembered me when in my nurſes arms, which recollection *ſecured* me in *him* a zealous advocate, and mediator with my father; at the ſame time, flattering me with hopes of ſucceſs.—On hearing the intention of the latter, his Lordſhip was equally ſurpriſed with myſelf——he inſtantly exclaimed, "this ſurely would be a curious "method to reſtore you to the "paths of virtue," adding, "that

" he had a bad opinion of ſuch
" trades for young women."—

——My father was a man of rigid, auſtere principles, whenever virtue or honor were in queſtion; however indulgent he might be himſelf on other occaſions: The ſeverity he manifeſted in this inſtance, does not derogate, in the leaſt, from his uſual character; the actual diſhonor of a beloved daughter, pleads a ſufficient excuſe

excuſe for any harſhneſs which I may have experienced from him.——

Thus deſerted, I became almoſt frantic; I left the family where Mrs. Gage had placed me, and paid a viſit to *the man*, whoſe counſels I ought to have ſhunned. At his Lordſhip's houſe, I was received a welcome gueſt; on ſeeing me, he *ſatirically ſmiled*, and ſaid, "he hoped I had *now* "ſuffi-

" ſufficiently felt the rod of cor-
" rection, and that it would teach
" me to be regardleſs of every
" other conſideration, but that of
" improving my own fortune."
—At this period, Lord Lincoln was engaged in a conteſted Election for the City of Weſtminſter, with that bright Luminary of Genius, who ſtill ſhines with ſuch reſplendent effulgence, in the political world, (the Right Honourable Charles Fox). — I was

now

now ſeventeen years old, and felt a natural inclination for the ſtage: On this ſubject, I conſulted a friend of my father's (Colonel Etherington) who adviſed me to procure an introduction to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Accident, at this juncture, brought me acquainted with the Right Honourable Gentleman juſt mentioned (Mr. Fox,) whoſe intereſt I ſollicited with Mr. Sheridan, and he, with his uſual goodneſs, recom-

recommended me to the latter gentleman, and it was then my intention to have made *my debut* at Drury Lane Houſe, the following winter.

The frequent opportunities I at this time enjoyed of ſeeing Mr. Fox, whoſe affections were then (I believe) diſengaged, were of the higheſt ſervice to me; Dulneſs itſelf could not have failed to profit from the inſtructions of

ſo

ſo able and eloquent a friend. During my acquaintance with this amiable and benevolent man, my ſoul was conſecrated to all the ſweet emotions of friendſhip, and happy ſhould I have been, had this intimacy laſted;—but, alas! ſuch happineſs was not reſerved for me.—Engaged in the purſuit of moſt honourable ambition, his heart was ever open to the more endearing virtues of private life. ——The zealous, enthuſiaſtic patriot,

triot, was no leſs the ſincere affectionate friend,—the tender,—the ardent lover; and, perhaps, in no one man were ever before united ſo many engaging——ſo many tranſcendant qualities; inſomuch, that the character given of him in the Houſe of Commons, by his friend Sir Charles Bunbury, ſeems by no means exaggerated,—"That he was even "a Hero to his Valet de Cham-"bre!"

The

The giddineſs of extreme youth, and remarkable levity of my diſpoſition, at that time, was not calculated to ſecure the attachment of this illuſtrious character, although in every ſubſequent trial, I have found in him, a moſt complaiſant and liberal benefactor.

It was now my deſtiny to become acquainted with a man, in almoſt every inſtance, the reverſe of

of the former, but he ſtill poſ-ſeſſed that *charm*, which with my turn for extravagance, ſup-plied the place of every other. Mr. Fazakerly was *rich*, and what rendered him yet more va-luable in my ſight,—he was *ge-nerous!* He offered me his houſe, and preſented to me his purſe; Money ſeemed no object to him, and ſuch a man was adapted to my purpoſe. Nevertheleſs, it

was my nature to be candid, I therefore frankly told him, that I was four months advanced in pregnancy, and concluded by saying, that he probably might deem this circumſtance an obſtacle to our connection. He waved however, the objection, made the moſt liberal offers, inſiſted on my applying to no other quarter for protection, and during four years, he ſupported me and *my daughter*,

duughter, without permitting me to draw from *Mr. Fox*, the leaſt ſupply whatever.

Mr. Fazakerley made with me the tour of Europe, and did all in his power to cultivate my underſtanding, and to give me all that ſuperficial knowledge and acquirements, which are conſidered to yield ſuch a poliſh to our *travelled ladies*. If I had not profited by the advantages

 that

that offered themſelves, during my acquaintance with this gentleman, I ſhould deſerve more misfortunes than I have even yet endured, if it were poſſible, they could fall to the lot of any one human being;—but, I truſt, that my mind has not been *altogether* unimproved, and if my heart, may have been corrected by the former gentleman, my underſtanding and perſon have certainly acquired graces and accompliſh-

ments,

ments, from the pains beſtowed on me by the latter.——I am therefore, bound to acknowledge thoſe obligations to Mr. Fazakerley, for the attention I received from him during *four years*, as well as for many liberal pecuniary favors; but as to real happineſs, I never enjoyed it under the auſpices of *this gentleman*. His temper being extremely moroſe and *capricious*, nor had he any of thoſe qualities formed to

conciliate the affections of a delicate woman.

At the end of four years, this connection was diſſolved, and unfortunately for me, all his *friendſhip* periſhed with it.

During my misfortunes, he has never liſtened to my complaints; the more miſeries were accumulated on my wretched *head*, the more callous did his

heart

heart ſeem to what I ſuffered, and he at length concluded, by withdrawing an annuity of two hundred pounds, which he had *promiſed ſhould be continued during my life.*

I had now formed an acquaintance with Lord Hervey. Of this noble lord I have ſpoken in the preceding pages, and even at this moment, I cannot reflect on the virtues and ſplendid qua-

lities, that diſtinguiſh the mind and perſon of his lordſhip, without the moſt lively ſenſibility. —With him, I enjoyed, for ſeveral months, all the comforts and delights of domeſtic life, and with him I continued until he was appointed, by his Britanic Majeſty, Envoy at a Foreign Court.

Attached to my native country, (America) I fancy the reader will have already diſcovered, that I

am

am by no means a friend to arbitrary principles, nor is it becauſe I admire the *man*, that I am to be conſidered a convert to his *political notions*.

I was therefore concerned when I read the Manifeſto which he publiſhed at that Court, during his Embaſſy:——Nothing, however, can abate the lively gratitude and eſteem which my heart feels for this valuable friend.——

His lordſhip had left me only a few months, when I brought forth a pledge of our union (a daughter), whom death ſoon raviſhed from me: previous to which loſs, a new and amiable connection called me back to Ireland, where I received the above fatal intelligence, which was a terrible drawback upon the happineſs I then enjoyed. Captain B******, my new lover, was every way calculated to obliterate the impreſſion

preſſion I might have received from former admirers, and to ſooth the affliction which I felt for the loſs of my dear and beloved child.——From him, I have uniformly experienced every kindneſs that the tendereſt affection could beſtow. The roving habits of a military life, did not admit any *permanent* attachment of this nature, but it is ſufficiently flattering to me, that Mr.

B****** never omitted an occaſion of ſeeking my ſociety.

The fruits of our connections are two ſons, both now living, and both happy under the protection of their worthy parent, who is himſelf lately united in marriage with a lady, who, I am told, poſſeſſes every virtue, and every neceſſary accompliſhment to ſecure his happineſs, and with whom,

whom, I ardently wiſh him a continuation of all the bleſſings and enjoyments which he ſo eminently deſerves.—Let me, however, indulge the hope, without wiſhing to ſtrew the thorns of jealouſy, or diſcontent, on *her* bridal pillow; that he will never *utterly* neglect his former *friend* —the *mother* of *his* children! Humanity, and friendſhip for others, are not uncongenial with conjugal fidelity, and if am right-

ly

ly informed of Lady A——'s character, ſhe is not the woman to encourage a dereliction of thoſe duties. The honourable connection that Mr. B******* has formed, is incompatible with the union that once ſubſiſted between *us*, and if previous thereto, there had been any chaſm in that union, it was becauſe his *fortune* could not keep pace with *my former extravagance*.

Confident

Confident am I, from all the proofs I have had of his generous and affectionate heart, that the manifold ſorrows I have undergone, if he had poſſeſſed the power, I ſhould have been ſpared the ſuffering.——I could dwell longer on this endearing theme, but prudence commands me to draw the veil.———

I now enter on the ſubject of a gentleman, whom honor, gratitude,

tude, and every refined ſentiment, which dignifies the ſoul of woman, and impreſſes it with a ſenſe of paſt obligation, compel me to mention. Generoſity and ſincerity were his ſhining characteriſtics—a friend to all mankind, *himſelf*, excepted. The openneſs of Mr. Giffard's diſpoſition, everlaſtingly expoſed him to the villanies, and baſe projects of nefarious gamblers, and intriguers of every deſcription; nay, even

in

in that elevated circle of Ariſtocracy in which he moved, there were not wanting *ennobled wretches*, to form their ſchemes of plunder and robbery againſt him.——The loſſes which Mr. Giffard ſuſtained from *theſe honorable* connections, were fatal to himſelf and family.——Unſuſpicious of the treachery to which he had been the dupe, he paid to the laſt guinea, although to accompliſh that payment,

ment, he had been obliged to diſcharge his eſtabliſhment, and to diſpoſe of his equipage. Stupid muſt be the mind that would not have been corrected by fatal experience like this, and happy am I to learn, that from a regular ſyſtem of œconomy, which he has of late adopted, and through the interpoſition of his relations, his finances are repaired, and thus a moſt worthy man reſtored to his country.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful ſhould I be, if I did not rejoice in every proſperity which he enjoys. From him, during the time I was ſo happy to partake of his eſteem, I received pecuniary favors that almoſt outran my own extravagance—and it was only the derangement of his affairs, that could have put a period to them.

While with Mr. Giffard, my humble roof was often viſited by princes

princes of the Blood Royal, and by Nobles of the higheſt diſtinction —and here, I ſhould do a violence to my own feelings, if I *did* not draw a juſt compariſon in favour of *Plebian Virtue*; let me then honeſtly proclaim to the world, ſuperior to flattery or diſſimulation, that in my journey through life, I have found more liberality of ſentiment, more candour and ingenuouſneſs, in this plain country gentleman, and

others

others of a ſimilar deſcription, that I ever experienced, from a certain Duke of Royal Lineage.

But where is the wonder? Fidelity to *vows* is not the virtue of *Princes'*.—At perjuries with women they only laugh—During my hard diſtreſſes in a horrid goal, often did I apply *to this Royal Lothario, this perfidious Lovelace,* but who alas! had none of the accompliſhments that

Lovelace

Lovelace could boaſt of—and the fruit of my application was ſilence,—dead, monotonous, obſtinate ſilence! Beware then, ye of my unhappy ſex, how ye are beguiled by the gew-gaw of Royal Splendor! Nurſed in the lap of luxury, ſatiated with enjoyments, the hearts of princes are callous to the purer delights of exquiſite ſenſibility: Princes live only for themſelves; they conceive that *Men* and *Women* are made merely

for

for *them*; to be the paſſive inſtruments of their voluptuouſneſs; and are only ſurpriſed, when the leaſt recompenſe is required from them, as a poor indemnity, for the deareſt ſacrifices that have been made to ſooth their paſſions. All I can ſay, is, that if this princely *Lothario* ſhines not with *greater advantage* in the Plains of Mars, than he excels in the Groves of Venus, the Combined Forces have little to

expect from his martial exertions.

In the month of May 1788, annoyed by my creditors, and Mr. Giffard's finances being at that time exceedingly deranged, he could only offer certain terms to my creditors, giving one thouſand pounds into the hands of Mr. Thomas Vaughan, of Suffolk Street, Middleſex Hoſpital—for the purpoſe of ſettling

with them, while it was judged expedient, that I ſhould tranſport myſelf to the Continent, there to remain during eight or ten months.—I ſhould be loth to caſt reflections on any man, and I conceive it now neceſſary to extricate Mr. Vaughan, from aſperſions which have been thrown out againſt him.

My debts, at this time, amounted to near three thouſand

pounds, including attornies bills; for it has been my lot, always to pay full ſixty ſhillings for every twenty—it was therefore propoſed, that the One Thouſand pounds ſo generouſly granted by my Munificent friend, ſhould be applied only to the payment of ſuch debts as had been Contracted while I reſided under the protection of Mr. Giffard, conſidering himſelf in honor bound to diſcharge them,—But firſt, there

was

was an offer made to all my creditors in general, of ten ſhillings in the pound, which they were fooliſh enough to refuſe; thus, I was under the neceſſity of protracting my reſidence abroad.

On my arrival in Paris, I had taken my reſidence at the Hotel de l'Univerſité, where it was my fortune to meet *ance more* that favourite of the fair ſex; that renowned Warrior, equal to both,

and armed for either field, whoſe glorious exploits in the blood-ſtained ranks of Long Iſland, and Charleſtown, can teſtify; and whoſe ſuperior excellence, in thoſe ſofter engagements, in the Idalian Vales, Mademoiſelle la Maire, and ſo many other Pariſian belles have equally witneſſed.

This Heroic chief, this ſecond Agamemnon, uniting all accompliſhments,—the fierceſt ſoldier

in

in war, the gentleſt ſwain in love, did me the *honor* to take me under his protection.

He was my Ciciſbeo who made me acquainted with all the beauties of that ſuperb and magnificent City; he introduced me into all the gay and brilliant circles, of which he himſelf, ſhone the moſt ſplendid Ornament—The intelligent reader, on peruſing the above will not be at a loſs to diſcover, that

that I allude to Gen. D********. With this Military, and amorous quixote, there was a young man, nearly related and to whom, ſuch is the ſtrange organization of the female mind, I am fair to confeſs, that I gave the *preference* over his formidable, and illuſtrious, rival—Jealouſy is the characteriſtic of *Love*;———I had made an impreſſion on the heart of the veteran beau; he *ſuſpected*, (and his *ſuſpicions* were not

not wrong) that there was a ſecret underſtanding between myſelf, and his younger companion; yielding thereto, he kept a ſteady watch over all our actions, and when the ſilent hour approached, that lovers dedicate to the deity of their adoration, my antique admirer eager to convince himſelf of the truth of what he ſuſpected, poſted himſelf in an obſcure corner, where, by favor of the moon, he traced Sir R——*, to my

* Sir R***** H******.

apart-

apartments,—and, as ſoon as he knew that his conjectures were well founded, he withdrew all friendſhip, and I fear, has never ſince forgiven me.——— "At "Lover's quarrels," they ſay, "Jove laughs," although this quarrel turned out ſerious, ſince no correſpondence has ſubſiſted between us ſince the above fatal period.—But if *Agamemnon* withdrew himſelf—he ſtill left a *Paris* behind, *to conſole me.*—

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN,

(Daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe,)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

Dedicated to the Britiſh Nation;

BEING INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR,

WITH REMARKS MORAL AND POLITICAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

" And what is friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep—
" A ſhade that follows wealth and fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep?"— GOLDSM.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN.

SIR Robert Harland, the next day informed me, that my late admirer was ſo exceedingly offended, that it would render my longer continuance, in the ſame

Hotel, very diſagreeable;——I therefore departed, taking lodgings at the Hotel de la Reine, Rue des Bons Enfans.—I was no ſooner ſettled in my new apartment, than one of my ſervants told me, that my huſband lodged in the ſame houſe, and as he was the *laſt man* in the world whom I wiſhed to ſee, I inſtantly took leave of the landlord, and went to Madame Lafar's Hotel Rue Caumartin; a *Lady* who happily

poſſeſſes the *convenient accommodating* talents of obliging all her gueſts, both male and female, never aſking impertinent queſtions, and being perfectly indifferent as to the mode of arrangement amongſt them. In this Hotel, I found the *famous* Colonel M[redacted]Carthy, who was pleaſed to *honor* me with his *particular* attention: By this gentlemen, I was introduced to the Marquis de Genlis, whoſe ſuperb Hotel was the conſtant

receptacle of all the *Elegants* of that once luxurious City.—*This Nobleman,* in his youth, had been the moſt accompliſhed *Petit Maitre* of the day, and in the decline of life, when I knew him, he reminded me very much, both in his [illegible]s and addreſs, of our old Duke of Q————: The French Marquis, however, was rather more celebrated for hoſpitality, than the Scotch Duke.—When I retrace in my imagination the

the nocturnal orgies, and every refinement of luxury, that was viſible in this temple of voluptuouſneſs, contraſting it with the preſent gloomy ſcene, which my mind pictures to itſelf, I, in ſome meaſure, forget my own ſorrows: The Graces, I am told, have entirely abandoned that city, where they had ſo long reſided:—Stern, inexorable Republican virtue, has uſurped the Empire, which they once held, and Politics now ſup-

ply the place of Gallantry and Love.—The ill-fated brother of M. de Genlis, the Marquis de Sillery, husband to the accomplished writer of that name, tainted by education with the prejudices of *Aristocracy*, and vitiated by the long habits of Parisian debauchery, has lately suffered under the fatal axe of the Guillotine; and this example, confirmed by so many others, ought to serve as a wholesome, and most useful lesson, how

how, at this juncture, perſons embark on the dangerous ocean of Politics, unleſs they are really and honeſtly attached to the principles which they profeſs.——

The Jacobin Club is undoubtedly (whatever it may be in other reſpects) the moſt vigilant and enlightened corps of diplomacy in Europe.——Innumerable inſtances have proved the impoſſibility of eſcaping their keen, pene-

trating reſearches, and the leaſt de-viation from the path of the Con-ſtitution, (that is from the unity and indiviſibility of the Republic) is ſure to meet detection, and to be followed by an ignominious death. Let us then implore the Grace of Divine Providence to put an end theſe horrors!

To reſume the thread of my narrative—About the latter end of July, 1788, a Mr. Beckett, with

with whom I became acquainted, and for which acquaintance I am indebted to my old friend Colonel Freemantle, *came to Paris*—He lived in the ſame Hotel with myſelf, in the greateſt ſplendour; his table was continually crouded by perſons of the higheſt rank, amongſt whom were the late unfortunate Duc d'Orleans, the Ducs de Monmorency, Pienne, Prince Louis d'Aremberg, Marquis de Bouille, &c. &c. &c.—

Amidſt my manifold misfortunes, I conſider it ſome conſolation that the perſons with whom I have been acquainted, were the moſt part diſtinguiſhed for genius and talents, and this young man was remarkably ſo:—Mr. Beckett flattered me by his addreſſes, at a time when all the Pariſian beauties were emulous with each other for his affections; whether it were vanity, affection, preference, or any ſentiment bordering on ſelf-love,

love, I will not ſay; but, living in the ſame Hotel with him, he continually made choice of me as the Sultana to preſide at his table, and I had the direction of all his entertainments. At the end of four months, after various oblique and fruitleſs hints, Madame Lafar became clamorous for payment of her bill, which amounted to the *ſmall ſum* of five hundred pounds. He drew bills upon his father for fifteen hundred pounds, which

were the amount of his whole debts.—A ſpecial Courier was diſpatched to England, and as the father would not, or could not, pay the extravagant demands of his ſon, the bills returned to Paris *proteſted*.—In this ſituation I adviſed him to conſult his own Countrymen, then in Paris: He was at that time intimately acquainted with Lord Gillford, ſon of Lord Clanwilliam.—This young nobleman, aſſured him that he

he had only a few hours to determine on his eſcape, as he had private information, that Madame Lafar meant to arreſt him.—I muſt do Mr. Beckett the juſtice to ſay, that it was with the utmoſt reluctance that he purſued the advice of his friends, as he expreſſed ſtrong apprehenſions for my ſafety; however, touched with his generoſity, I became entirely regardleſs of myſelf, and poſitively *inſiſted on his flight*,—

and

and he yielded obedience.—He had not departed many hours, before all his creditors were in an uproar, the hue and cry was raiſed, that an Engliſhman had run away for his debts: The police officers were ſent after him, but returned with ſorrowful countenances, their miſſion unaccompliſhed.——

Madame Lafar, *who, poor dear woman! was* the princi-

pal

pal ſufferer, now turned all her vengeance againſt me, knowing that I had a travelling Poſt Chaiſe and a Chariot, together with ſeveral valuable effects, on theſe articles ſhe fixed *her attention*, determined to plunder me.

Two days after Mr. Beckett left Paris, I was, while on a viſit at Madame Smith's, informed by Mr. Robert Knight, (another of the few good men I have found in the

the world) that his carriage had juſt been ſurrounded by a party of armed ruffians, inquiring for me, and he had ſcarcely uttered the words when the houſe of Madame Smith was beſet by at leaſt an hundred men, preceded by Mr. de Lomprey, Exempt de Police. *My friends*, alarmed for my ſituation (for I was then ſeven months advanced in pregnancy) intreated the Exempt to diſmiſs his followers.———Mr. Knight kindly

pledging

pledging himſelf to be reſponſible for any complaint which they had to make againſt me.—Mr. de Lomprey replied, " that he had a " *Lettre de Cachet* from *the King*, " ordering me to cloſe confine- " ment in the *Hotel de la Force*." My valuable *friend*, who was a young man of very independant fortune, would not ſuffer this arbitrary act *of power* to be exerciſed againſt an helpleſs woman, without firſt demanding that ſatisfac-

tion

tion to which he thought me entitled.—He, therefore, at *that late hour*, went to the Duke of Dorſet, *the Engliſh* Ambaſſador: His Grace was from home; thus I was obliged to go, at two o'clock in the morning, to that manſion of ſlavery, the Hotel de la Force: I had with me my infant ſon, then only two years old. The innocence of this tender lamb—who ſeemed ſenſible that ſome misfortune had happened, overcame what

what reſolution I poſſeſſed, he held *up his little hands* and cried out, "Oh! you ſhall not hurt "*my Mother!*" Mr. Knight, however, comforted me by every aſſurance of protecting the child, and carried him away in his carriage, having firſt attended me himſelf to the wretched apartment deſtined for me—a miſerable *Bed of Straw*, with one wretched blanket was all the furniture in the room,—and the floor was completely

completely covered with vermin.——'Till this moment, I was a ſtranger to priſons; therefore, perhaps, my mind was more ſenſible to the *ſhock*, but even now that I have been habituated to the horrors of confinement, I cannot conceive ſuch a dreadful epitome of wretchedneſs as this vile dungeon, on mature reflection, ſtill appears to be;—and, for the ſake of humanity, I fervently pray, that if it be not already done, the new

new government of France, may utterly deſtroy ſimiliar *abominations.*

——My woman, the faithful partner of all my misfortunes, accompanied me, nor could even this ſpectacle of horror induce her to forſake her Miſtreſs.——We paſſed the few remaining hours, converſing on the ſudden tranſition *of fortune*—I wiſhed to convince her of the mutability of human

human happineſs.—In three days I was reduced from ſcenes of pleaſure and tranquility, to my preſent wretched condition!—— As ſoon as day approached, we examined our ſad habitation;—the firſt object that ſtruck my eye, was a huge tremendous padlock, projecting from the Cieling, and to which was faſtened an immenſe *iron* Collar—We could not, at firſt, imagine the uſe of this frightful inſtrument, but my poor, faith-

ful

ful attendant ſoon gueſſed it, and exclaimed, " O, Madam! it is to " faſten us up at night!" She had ſcarce uttered theſe words, when the Goalor appeared (for, in France, it is the duty exacted from the keeper of ſuch a place to pay perſonal attendance to the unfortunate *in his power)*; he had a great bunch of Keys in his hand—he walked up to me, and immediately cried out, " *Oh, Ciel! quel* " *dommage!* adding, that he had received

received orders from the Government to treat me with the greateſt reſpect—This civil Frenchman ended his harangue by requeſting me to give him permiſſion to order my breakfaſt.——I thanked him for his politeneſs, but declined receiving any refreſhment until my friends came to me.—At a very early hour (before noon,) Mr. Knight, accompanied by Mr. Weſtern, the preſent Member for Malden, paid me a viſit.—

Theſe

Theſe gentlemen, in concert with Captain Winder, of the Guards, were for ever employed to obtain my liberty, availing themſelves of a moſt neceſſary and humane law that exiſts in France, prohibiting the impriſonment of pregnant women for debt.—If ſuch laws were in full force under the moſt Deſpotic Government of Europe, how much more conſiſtent were it in force under that which calls itſelf the moſt free? Aged

perſons were alſo exempt from this penalty, but here our ears are for ever ſtunned with the ſound of Liberty, and Humanity: Women in the pangs of Child-bed, Men in the agonies of Death, (ſuch inſtances have occurred) in virtue of a Sheriff's Writ, may be dragged to the moſt *loathſome Goal*; Were it not then devoutly to be wiſhed, that our Legiſlators, inſtead of empty Panegyric, would afford us a little of the Subſtance?——In

my own opinion, who have had ſome experience in theſe caſes, the reaſon why ſuch horrible laws are ſuffered to exiſt, is under the ſuppoſition of their being ſeldom or ever executed; the fact, however, is notoriouſly otherwiſe; at all events, Policy, as well as Mercy, requires,—*the* national character demands,—that the life of Freemen ſhould not be expoſed to the diſcretion, or depend on the pity, of a Sheriff's Officer.

Madame Lafar, alarmed leaſt I ſhould eſcape out of the ſnare ſhe had laid, endeavoured to perſuade my friends, I was not in the predicament deſcribed; but all her projects failed, as they inſiſted on a conſultation of the Faculty, who aſcertained my pregnancy; at the ſame time, expreſſing apprehenſions of immediate labour from the ſudden revolution I had undergone. In this ſituation, a female of my ac-

quaintance, (although by no means a lady of rigid virtue, not therefore less susceptible of generosity and compassion,) immediately repaired to Monsieur Pacquet, then first President of the Parliament of Paris, relating the circumstance, and at the same time, giving a Miniature picture of me. This gentleman went the following day to Versailles, and informing Monsieur, and the Comte d'Artois, *the late*

king's Brothers of my misfortune; they, with a generous ſympathy, rarely to be found in Princes, and which cauſes me to lament moſt bitterly their ſad reverſe of fortune, took pity on my ſituation and became my advocates; and in a few hours I received his Majeſty's order for my releaſe.—The Comte d'Artois, in particular, entered into the hardſhips of my caſe, and on delivering the king's ſignature, cancelling the

Letter

Letter de Cachet, adviſed that I ſhould put myſelf under the protection of his Palace*, ſignifying that Mr. Beckett's creditors, might then proceed againſt me in a Court of Law.—The inſtant I returned from priſon, I went accordingly to the Place du

* The Temple at Paris where Louis the XVI. and the Royal Family were confined, was formerly a palace occupied by the Comte d'Artois, and its environs afforded protection to unhappy inſolvent debtors.

Temple, where I had not remained many hours, before I received a visit from the Duc de F———, another nobleman who also boasts of Royal Blood in his veins, but whose actions unfortunately were not calculated to efface those unfavorable prepossessions, with which I had been inspired by a similar conduct in *a truly* Royal Duke, who now makes such a capital figure on the theatre of European Politics.

the

The familiar epithet applied to the ci devant Duc de F——— in Paris, (that loyal and renowned Emigrant) was an *Eſcroc*, (in Engliſh, ſignifying Sharper or Greek.) All I can ſay is, that I have no reaſon to diſpute the propriety of the application.

In my new abode I had ſoon the mortification to learn from my ſervants, that my two Carriages, together with all my

Cloaths and Jewels, were ſeized by Mr. Beckett's Creditors, ſo that I was, in an inſtant, ſtripped of every neceſſary, in a country where I had no connections, but ſuch as had been formed on the principles of intereſt.—Thus circumſtanced, a young Iriſh Nobleman, in whoſe favor I had made an exception, and from my general opinion of his friendſhip I had confidence, I frankly communicated what had befallen me,

and

and received from his Lordſhip every aſſurance *of protection*; but his fortune not being adequate to his generoſity, he immediately propoſed a ſubſcription amongſt my friends then in Paris, and in the courſe of twenty-four hours, I found myſelf, through their exertions, in poſſeſſion of two hundred and fifty Louis d'Or's.

I have before obſerved, that adverſity is the true criterion of

friendſhip, and I am bound in gratitude, to render juſtice to that virtue in the French Nation.

In France I ever met with the greateſt humanity, tempered with delicacy and politeneſs; and if my misfortunes, during the latter part of my reſidence in that country, called for the aid of others, I alſo received it: at the ſame time, it was always conveyed in a manner which re-

flected

flected honor on the generous donors, ever unaccompanied with thoſe diſguſting marks of oſtentation, which too frequently attend acts of pecuniary relief.

I remained ſix months in the Temple, and returned to England ten days before that *glorious* Epoch, the 14th of July, 1789, when Frenchmen threw off for ever, THE YOKE OF SLAVERY. —Oh! may that day yield an awful

awful and impreſſive leſſon!—— It forms an æra replete with events, ſtill in the womb of time to produce. It threatens deſtruction to long eſtabliſhed ſyſtems—to long eſtabliſhed orders. It preſages Revolution, and ſtrikes at thoſe antique Governments, in defence of which, ſo many of my Anceſtors have bled.

Should they have bled in vain, and if a new order of things be deſtined

deſtined to ſucceed, may humanity ſtill profit by the change!—may a more equal diſtribution of ſublunary enjoyments, baniſh from the face of the earth, thoſe ſcenes of horror that have ſo long tortured the ſight, and diſgraced the policy of ſocial inſtitutions!—Perhaps the Millenium, ſo long and ſo anxiouſly anticipated, is at hand, when nations will be linked in one fraternal bond—when civil diſcord and foreign

wars

wars ſhall ceaſe to deſolate the world.—Which ever party may prevail in this tremenduous criſis, my only prayer is, that it may terminate to the advantage and improvement of the human race!—The reader will pardon theſe frequent digreſſions; they ariſe naturally from the ſubject, and are the ſpontaneous emanations of a ſoul, fraught with ſenſibility and glowing with zeal, for the general happineſs and improve-

ment

ment of mankind.—I have formerly experienced from Frenchmen, compaſſion and generoſity; and I have ſometimes found thoſe virtues in the Engliſh.—Born in America, and reſident many years in England, I feel no local partialities, no prepoſſeſſions or diſguſts; My Country is the World! and whatever the Political ſentiments of others may be, I conſider it the duty of Citizens

to

to yield implicit ſubmiſſion to the Laws of that Government under which they live.

Paſſing eighteen months in France, under her ancient Monarchy, I had the opportunity of manifeſting my reſpect to the Laws which then exiſted, and if I were at preſent in that nation, now that it has judged proper to adopt the Republican form of Government,

Government, I ſhould hold myſelf equally bound, faithfully to obey the laws of that Republic.

Such are my opinions, which I believe are founded in truth and juſtice, and I ſhould be ever emulous to preſerve the character of a *peaceful*, and, I hope, in future, to add, of a *virtuous* Citizen.

It

It is the faſhion amongſt us, vehemently and outrageouſly to condemn the French for the exceſſes and cruelties they have committed; but we muſt in candour allow, that in the progreſs of this war, they have been at leaſt equalled in acts of cruelty by the Pruſſians and Auſtrians, and far ſurpaſſed therein by their own Emigrants.—Very lately an account was tranſmitted to the Convention, by one of its Commiſſioners

miſſioners at Liſle, of an Auſtrian ſoldier taken priſoner; on ſearching whom, it was diſcovered, that his cartridges were poiſoned, which at once explained the cauſe of that amazing mortality which had prevailed amongſt the French wounded ſoldiers.

Monſieur Beaulieu, an Auſtrian general, on a late occaſion, previous to an engagement, likewiſe ſignified to his troops that priſoners

ſoners were only an incumbrance, in conſequence of which the ſoldiers took *the hint* and gave no quarter.

What tender heart then, but recoils from thoſe dreadful proſcriptions and executions which now daily take place in that diſtracted country! but as in Morals, it would be held madneſs to harbour in our boſom a ſerpent to ſting us to death: ſo in Politics, the

the maxim holds equally good.—France cannot be denied to have contained innumerable enemies within her boſom, and from the exterminating principles of this deſtructive war, which operate equally on both ſides, it is evident if ſhe wiſhed to conſolidate her Government,—that if ſhe do not ſtrive to deſtroy thoſe enemies they will finally ſucceed to deſtroy the Republic. Let us then be juſt amidſt the violence

of

Revolutionary Paroxyms.—

[illegible] expect *that* temper

[illegible] which ought to

[illegible] married, tranquil

[illegible] but which (we

[illegible] so seldom

[illegible] such Go-

[illegible]

[illegible]—

[illegible], Kent

[illegible] Greenwich

[illegible] servant,

whom

whom I had left in charge of it, to come to the Hotel—She gave me to underſtand, that although ſeveral of my creditors were much diſſatisfied with the manner in which Mr. Vaughan had diſpoſed of the money, deſtined to ſettle their demands, ſtill they were, by no means, inclined to harraſs me: Theſe aſſurances encouraged me to return to my own houſe, and in a few days I called a meeting of all my un-

ſatisfied creditors, (acting in this inſtance as my own Attorney:) From them I obtained a Letter of Licence; I however was ſo fooliſh as to aſk for only ſix months indulgence, when they would readily have granted it for as many years—There were nevertheleſs two obdurate ungrateful creditors, Linen Drapers of Oxford Street, who, regardleſs of the many obligations which they owed to me and my friends, thought

thought proper to arreſt me, contrary to the opinion of all the reſt who had any claims againſt me.—With theſe men I had dealt for years, in which time they had both received from me ſeveral hundred pounds, and now they thought proper to have me confined for the moderate ſum of Three hundred and fifty pounds: My own Attorney civilly leaving me in a Spunging Houſe, to get out as I could. In this hour of diſtreſs,

when friendſhip makes the deepeſt impreſſion, a Gentleman* of Furnivals Inn came fortunately to the houſe, and hearing of my confinement, generouſly became my bail;—and here let me again pour forth the tribute of a grateful heart! but words are inadequate to expreſs the ſenſe that I have of *his* liberality and kindneſs. Unacquainted with the chicanery, villainy, and hard-

* Mr. Chambers.

heartedneſs

heartedneſs of other lawyers, from which I have ſo cruelly ſuffered, from certain experience, he roſe, in my opinion, above every man in his profeſſion. He found me beſet by Plunderers, Jews, and Swindlers, combined to rob me of what property I poſſeſſed. The ſufferings I had hitherto endured, had not operated the neceſſary conviction, or hindrance, in choice of acquaintance; I have ever been the dupe of the

worthleſs part of both ſexes, and at this time I was ſtupidly infatuated with the ſociety of a certain Jeweſs.———

———This woman poſſeſſed ſeveral natural good qualities;—qualities which far over balanced her faults, and as it is impoſſible for any human production to be perfect, I overlooked her imperfections, and adopted her as my boſom friend.——Mrs. G——, had

had a mother who was ever in league with Bailiffs, and low Attorneys, and often have both her daughter and myſelf ſuffered from her unnatural Intrigues.——

——In the month of November, 1789, it was neceſſary that I ſhould either ſurrender to Mr. Chambers', or ſettle the debts for which he was anſwerable. I therefore conſulted this female ſerpent, whom I had nurſed in

my boſom to ſting me, ſhe gave it as her advice, that it would be prudent for me to call upon the Plaintiff's Attorney, who ſhe was pleaſed to remark, would be happy to become one of my humble *ſlaves*.——Eager to exonerate my good friend, Mr. Chambers, from any danger, on my account, I applied to an Attorney of Ely-Place, and propoſed to give ſecurity for the debt in which he was concerned.—This

accom-

accompliſhed Limb of the Law, ſeeing me in a ſplendid Equipage, agreed to accept my own terms, and inſinuated himſelf ſo far into my good opinion, that he afterwards completely ruined me, plundering me *of the laſt Guinea.* I have ſince learnt that Mr. P—— in order to enhance his own coſts, made it his buſineſs to diſcover the credulous part of my creditors, whoſe debts being ſmall, were prevailed on to ſue me,

and in one of theſe inſtances, I can atteſt that I was taken in execution for Five pounds—and paid Twenty for it.———Fourteen days after I had agreed to employ Mr. P-------, he delivered to me his Bill of Coſts, *modeſtly* making me his debtor Two hundred and twenty-two pounds: I had, at this time, Three hundred and fifty pounds to receive from Mr. Giffard, and as it was not immediately convenient for

for the latter gentleman to advance the money, I requeſted this virtuous Practitioner, this Ornament of *Attorneyſhip*, to wait a few weeks for payment; but he had far other views; he had a ſcheme in agitation, which entirely precluded all impertinent clamours of conſcience.—He, as I have before obſerved, was inſtructed with my circumſtances, and while I was loaded with various debts,—ſome of which were enormous—he took

a Lawyer-like, and *conſcientious* advantage of my Female weakneſs, ſeducing me to make over all the furniture of my houſe to him,—a deluſion that finally led *to my deſtruction.*——I could wiſh to ſpeak with moderation concerning this man, but my wrongs are ſuch, that (waving irony,) I muſt intreat permiſſion to ſpeak with freedom. The very moment I had executed the Bond which made him maſter of my effects,

he

he ſent one *Roſs*, a Sheriff's Officer, to take poſſeſſion of them, although he had given me his *ſacred word* OF HONOR, that he would never proceed, unleſs to protect me from other Executions. Not ſatisfied with this baſe, and perfidious, act, he was alſo the perſon who adviſed another Creditor to ſue me for ſixty pounds. On hearing of this Writ, I was obliged to take refuge in the Verge of the Court, and on the next day

when

when I ſent one of my ſervants to my houſe, for a change of Cloaths, they were refuſed; the man in poſſeſſion ſignifying that he had poſitive orders not to ſuffer any property to be taken out of the houſe. In this dilemma, I once more applied to my much valued and *never-failing Friend*, Mr. G******, and received from him Two hundred pounds—which I paid to this IMMACULATE *Attorney*, reqeſting he would with

withdraw the Execution. He anſwered, that the ſum was not ſufficient, (although he was pleaſed to take it) as his demand was now increaſed to Fifty pounds more; therefore, he perſiſted in ſelling the effects, and I have never, to this hour, received any account from him, although it is pretty well known, that the produce of that ſale brought him a very conſiderable ſum of money; beſides

the

the Two hundred pounds I had before advanced him.

——His next object was my Coach, but that he might get it in his poſſeſſion with as much *decency* as poſſible, he *affected* to ſecure it to myſelf—by an Aſſignment to a friend. Fool as I was, after my experience, I conſented to his propoſal, and had he deſired me to ſign my own death-warrant; ſuch was *the aſcendancy* he had then

then over me, I verily believe that I ſhould have obeyed the proceedings of this VIRTUOUS Practitioner.

I had not long executed the ſaid Aſſignment, before my Coach was ſeized in behalf of his brother-in-law, a Linen-Draper, and ſold (or rather given away) for One hundred and twenty pounds, although I had paid Mr. Godſal four hundred pounds for it, and never

never uſed it more than eight months.

———The next ſtep of this truly honeſt Attorney, was to get my perſon ſeized, and it is a fact well known, that the monſter, under pretence of taking me before the late Lord Chancellor, on buſineſs ſold me to Bailiffs. Thus I was arreſted, and dragged to a Spunging Houſe, where I was locked up ſeven weeks—during which

which time I employed myſelf in endeavouring to arrange my affairs.—It was repeatedly propoſed to me to make an application to my friends, but unaccuſtomed to ſolicit favors, I declined the propoſal, and reconciled myſelf to the idea of ending my days in a Priſon.——

——In this Spunging Houſe I remained until Eaſter Term, 1790, when I was compelled to take

take up my abode in the King's Bench, and now I conſider it a tribute of juſtice due from me not to confound the liberal Creditor with the deſigning, wicked Shylocks, who condemned me to Priſon; having met with the greateſt indulgence and liberality from all my principal Creditors.—They who oppreſſed me were the perſons who had the leaſt right to do ſo; and, ſorry am I to ſay, to the utter diſgrace *of my own ſex*, that

that the two Creditors whoſe cruelty and inflexible obſtinacy obliged me to continue *two years* in the King's Bench, were Women; (Milleners): One of whom had been in the habit of cheating me for a number of years.—When I balanced accounts with her, I had Receipts for Fourteen hundred pounds, and yet the conſcience of this *honeſt woman* (for ſhe is married) did not ſcruple to declare, that ſhe would never releaſe me, until

I either

I either paid Three hundred pounds, or gave ſecurity for the like ſum.—

—A young man of faſhion, who was at that time unable to extricate me out of my difficulties, wiſhed to awaken the feelings of this married *Lady*, this paragon of her ſex! and intreated her to remember, that my ſituation claimed *ſome compaſſion*, for I was then pregnant, with my youngeſt ſon

ſon, whom I mentioned in the beginning of theſe Memoirs.—She replied, that it was quite immaterial whether I was brought to bed in a *Priſon*, or, elſewhere; Soaring above the feelings of humanity, this dealer in flimſy, ſmuggled commodities, perſiſted in purſuit of her dearly loved pelf, and forced me to endure all the miſeries of a loathſome Goal.—Torn from the boſom of my native Country, I bore my ſorrows in

ſilence, unknown, unpitied! having met with few friends diſintereſted enough to prove their regard while I was incapable of making them any return; Such is the inſtability of mankind! while we can adminiſter to their pleaſures, or gratify their vanity, they are our abject ſlaves; the ſcene once changed, then, Adieu to friendſhip! Thus ſituated, deſtitute of all ſupport, except ſuch as the precarious benevolence of a

few friends, allowed me, I was adviſed to ſue my Huſband * for a ſeparate maintenance, who, regardleſs of the ties of Honor and of Duty, was publicly living with a woman of *notorious* character, whom he ſtill ſuffers to *aſſume my name*, and I am told, he has even the indecency to introduce her into ſeveral reſpectable families

* Mr. John Coghlan, reſides in Cheſter Place, London, and the Iſle of Thanet, County of Kent.

(calling her his wife). But to clear up the deception, I beg leave to ſay, although it be *a title* I never ſought, it is my misfortune, *ſtill to drag* thoſe horrid chains of Matrimony and SLAVERY which never can be diſſolved but by *his* death or *mine*.

———The action which I exhibited againſt him, proving from the moſt reſpectable witneſſes, his cruelties, gained me the ſupport that

that my neceſſities then called for; but not before I had endured every miſery that hunger, cold, and confinement could inflict.

——Sir William Scott, the Judge of the Conſiſtory Court of London, ſentenced my huſband to allow me One hundred and ſeventy pounds a year, during the time that our cauſe was depending: He refuſing to comply with the decree, was publicly excommuni-

cated in his own Pariſh Church, St. Georges, Hanover Square.—Under theſe deplorable circumſtances, the time now approached when I was to ſuffer ten thouſand additional horrors; my friends, more anxious to preſerve my life than I was, had provided a gentleman of the faculty to attend me during my lying-in—When I was taken ill, he was ſent for, who being from home, could not reach the King's Bench, before

ten o'clock. At that hour, it is the conſtant, and, often *fatal*, practice, to ſhut the gates, whereby many an innocent and valuable life has been loſt: Any attempt to break through this barbarous cuſtom, would have been vain. The life of a woman is not conſidered as worth preſervation, at the expence of breaking through the eſtabliſhed rules of a Goal.—Nevertheleſs, humanity bleeds in reflecting on theſe abuſes, ſancti-

oned by Law, which are ſtill allowed to exiſt, without an effort from thoſe in whom the power is veſted to remove them.——

In this critical and lamentable ſtate, I remained ſeveral hours, ſtruggling with death; The only profeſſional man in the place, was a very young Surgeon, who at firſt offered his aſſiſtance, but afterwards declined it, conſidering my ſituation too dangerous for

for him to be of any ſervice; however, his delicacy was afterwards over-ruled, and owing to his kind interference, I was ſnatched from Death, to be reſerved for a ſeries of new calamities. Delivered from the agonies of Child-bed, my infant was ſuffered to remain naked for two days; for, alas! the unfortunate Mother had not Cloaths, even for herſelf! ——In this deplorable ſtate we both continued, till an unknown

friend, touched with compaſſion, remitted me a few Guineas.

——I ſhould commit an injury againſt my own feelings, If I did not here declare, that I have every reaſon to believe myſelf indebted for this humane act to Mr. Walker, the late Marſhal of the King's Bench,—as I afterwards experienced from him every kind attention, poſſible for one fellow-creature to ſhew another.——

May

May I, on this occaſion, be permitted to hold forth myſelf as an example to the giddy, diſſipated fair ones of my ſex: now, perhaps, in full enjoyment of the ſmiles and adulation of men.—— Beware, then, ye lovely victims of their crocodile careſſes! while the ſunſhine of fortune beams around you,—while the bloom of beauty laſts, and the charms of novelty hold their ſway, waſte not your precious hours in unpro-

fitable idleneſs, and wild extravagance.——Make the falſe diſſemblers, while they pay homage to your beauty, provide alſo for your intereſt: Lay up ſtores againſt a *rainy day*. I, like you, when I thought myſelf beloved, now too late diſcover that all was flattery: The tempeſt came unexpectedly on,—none of my gay friends approached at my bidding; I was left to bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm in a horrid Goal,

naked and pennyleſs, with a new born infant at my breaſt, crying for the ſuſtenance that famiſhed nature refuſed! and when my former gay companions, on whom I vainly thought I could depend, kept all aloof, I was relieved, at laſt, by the fortuitous generoſity of an utter ſtranger. Let me hope, therefore, my fate will ſerve as a leſſon to others, that they may not founder on the rock on which I am wrecked.———

———Five weeks after my lying-in, a meſſage came from Mr. Walker, ſignifying that he wiſhed to ſee me; I was ſhewn to his houſe, where, after lamenting, in the kindeſt terms, the hardſhips I had ſuffered, he declared how much he was concerned to ſee in a Priſon; a woman, whom, he was pleaſed to ſay, deſerved a better fate—and, at the ſame time, with a delicacy peculiar to liberal minds,

and

(and incompatible, one ſhould have thought, with his ſituation,) intreated me to accept a trifle as a pledge of his friendſhip; giving into my hand a piece of paper, which, on my return to my apartment, I found to contain three Guineas, with theſe lines:— "Never, while you remain here, "neglect applying to me in your "moments of pecuniary want."— My adverſe ſtars ſoon deprived me of this new friend, who was,

ſhortly

ſhortly afterwards, ſeized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, leaving behind an amiable character, well worthy of his ſucceſſor's imitation: May he, like Mr. Walker, remember, that he is placed in a ſituation where he has all the moſt important duties of humanity to perform; and in which, a neglect of them would be ſtill more criminal than the juſt and liberal performance of them, would be amiable and meritorious:

ritorious:—Nevertheleſs, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, ſpeaking of the King's Bench Priſon, (and I am told other priſons are ſtill more wretched) that the evil exiſts in itſelf, and although a Goaler may certainly correct the horrors of the Syſtem, yet it is impoſſible for him effectually to remove it:—The corruptions of a Goal, according to the preſent eſtabliſhment, call aloud for Legiſlative interference; and while ſuch corruptions

ruptions are acknowledged on all ſides, there can be only one reaſon why no attempt is made to deſtroy them; and that is the immenſe emoluments derived therefrom by the principal and ſubaltern Practitioners of the Law.——It is not the partial deluſive ſcheme of oppreſſion againſt a few wretched Attorneys, that can produce any material benefit; it may ſerve as a temporary manœuvre to reconcile us to the barbarous

barbarous practice a little while longer.—But the whole Augean Stable muſt be cleanſed. It is not the *petty Rogue* that conſtitutes the great nuiſance; we muſt go through all the different gradrations of the infamy, before we can hope to render any effectual ſervice: Experience enables me to ſpeak with deciſion on this ſubject, and all I can ſay, is, that if every other department of Government is in the ſame cor-

rupt

rupt ſtate, as that of which I am now ſpeaking, we are in a deplorable condition indeed.

Having imbibed my Political principles at an early age, amongſt Citizens ſtruggling for Freedom, and where now every individual is equally privileged, and equally protected, by the law,-I cannot but inveigh againſt partial immunities, and the propenſity which the Engliſh people betray to deprive their

their fellow creatures of that Liberty of which they ſo inconſiſtently boaſt.——Not but a rational diſcrimination ought neceſſarily to be kept up, between fraud and imprudence, villainy and misfortune; nothing can more fully demonſtrate the negligence and inſenſibility of Government, than that they ſhould be confounded indiſcriminately together; that no diſtinction ſhould be made between them;—Yet ſuch moſt unfor-

unfortunately is the caſe, and what aggravates, beyond meaſure, this grievance, is that the man who enters a priſon, honeſt and virtuous, ſeldom fails, during his abode therein, to contract the vileſt habits, and to be ever after unfit for ſociety.———

Thus it is the height of impolicy and cruelty, to make no diſtinction between the unfortunate Debtor, and the deſigning fraudulent

fraudulent Swindler—for although the juſtice of the Legiſlature, ſhould provide a puniſhment for the one; a certain and more lenient degree of protection, than has hitherto been adopted, ought ſurely to be held out to the other.—But the intereſt of Lawyers does not require ſuch diſcriminations to be made, and therefore it is judged right, that things ſhould remain as they are.

—They

—They for ever tell us, they cannot be better.

How long will this infatuation laſt! Oh Engliſhmen! Let it no more be ſaid, that, with paſſive, ignoble tameneſs, ye ſuffered a ſervile race of mercenary, corrupt, vindictive Lawyers, to forge the chains of hard captivity for your Free-born limbs; ye have a Conſtitution, whoſe leading principle,

ciple, ye are told, is Liberty; ſacred, Immortal Liberty! Ye have a King, who is ſaid, ardently to deſire the proſperity of all his people. Cheriſh then, this ſacred principle of your Conſtitution; accompliſh the deſires of your virtuous King; rouze from your torpor; The lion ſlumbereth, he is not dead; but, oh! whenever he ſhall awake, wheuever his wrath ſhall be kindled, let him know to diſtinguiſh in his

rage

rage—Let none but the Guilty bleed!

The news of Mr. Walker's ſudden death, cauſed me many poignant reflections; as the horrors of confinement were, in ſome meaſure, leſſened, while I conſidered myſelf under the cuſtody of that Gentleman, and not under the controul of a mercenary Gaoler; for this lucrative

ſinecure

ſinecure, (ſuch in fact it is,) too generally falls to the lot (I ſay it without meaning to offend any individual) of the moſt worthleſs, or inſignificant characters:—— Men, not ſelected from any particular merit, that would render them fit for the office;—not diſtinguiſhed for their diſintereſtedneſs, charity, or diligent attention to the wants and morals of the priſoners;—but appointed merely as relations, or dependants, on

my Lord Chief Juſtice of the Day; who, for the moſt part, (if not always) takes care to ſaddle them with a VERY HEAVY RIDER.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, the arrival in England of my amiable friend, the father of my children, revived my hopes, nor were they diſappointed. He at once adminiſtered to my wants, and cheered my ſorrows. The

excellence of Mr. B******'s heart, was my ſecurity with him againſt thoſe frivolous and ungenerous excuſes, which, in the hour of adverſity, it has been my lot to receive from ſo many others; whom, alſo I had once thought my friends:—He embraced the earlieſt opportunity of viſiting me in my confinement, and inſtantly took the children under his protection;———the youngeſt of whom was, at that

time, only three months old. It is a very harſh trait in the human creature, (nevertheleſs, I fear it is too faithful a one,) that calumny is, generally, the moſt buſy againſt thoſe who moſt want comfort and protection.

While I was ſuffering all the complicated miſeries of a loathſome Goal, inſinuations to my diſadvantage, were moſt malignantly, and induſtriouſly, propagated, with the cruel deſign of ruining

me in the opinion, and affection, of this my beſt friend; but, ſuperior to all illiberal prejudice, and making every allowance for my ſolitary and unhappy ſituation, he would not conſent to abandon me, ſo that theſe cruel efforts, of my enemies, moſt of whom, I have diſcovered to exiſt in the circle of my own acquaintance, ended in diſappointment and abortion; and I ingenuouſly confeſs, that my

vanity exulted in the triumph which I atchieved on this occaſion; and my heart was preſerved from the ſhock it would have ſuſtained, had the father of my children, to complete the ſum of my misfortunes, withdrawn his countenance and affection from them; but, I truſt in Providence, that I am not reſerved for this additional calamity! —Mr. B******'s finances could, by no means, keep pace with

with the liberality of his mind; and in my diſtreſſed circumſtances, it was abſolutely neceſſary, to find out ſome other ſource of relief:—I therefore, in the month of March, 1791, (Mr. Coghlan, being then involved in a law-ſuit with his Niece, Lady Blake,) by the advice of my Proctor, (Mr. Walker, of Doctors Commons) petitioned the Court of Delegates, before whom the ſaid cauſe was to be heard. A

petition from his wife, dated from a priſon, to which his brutality had condemned her, alarmed his tender feelings; and thus, as I have already obſerved, I obtained a preſent ſupply, and a promiſe of an adequate ſettlement, on condition that I would withdraw the petition: To this I conſented, and the reſult of my compliance was, a mutual agreement to execute articles of ſeparation, which are, *moreover*

and

and *nevertheleſs*, as the Gentlemen of the Robe are pleaſed to term it, only during our mutual pleaſure. The laſt clauſe of my deed of ſettlement, compelling me *to return home, to this kind, affectionate huſband*, whenever his caprice ſhould induce him to require it.

Thus, ſeparated from him, on the 26th of December, 1791, I received ſecurity for an Annuity

of an Hundred pounds for my life, ſubject to the condition above mentioned.—But, alas! I had no ſooner obtained it, than the accompliſhed, virtuous Milliner, who had ſo eſſentially contributed to my diſtreſſes, by encouraging me in that ſtupid ſyſtem of extravagance, on which her preſent fortune was raiſed, and which exalted her to the enviable rank of an honeſt married lady; like a tygreſs, darting upon

the

the wretched victim of her ſavage appetite, ſeized on me, inſiſting that I ſhould give immediate ſecurity for her debt,—a debt contracted for *gew-gaw frippery, and tinſelled, flimſy trumpery*; I had already, in the courſe of a very ſhort time, paid this *Harpy* Fourteen hundred pounds, for articles of this like deſcription. The humane reader will revolt with abhorrence, on finding that this woman, after ſuch

emoluments derived from my folly, ſhould proceed againſt me for another debt of *Three Hundred Pounds*, which, I am morally convinced, I did not owe;— But for which, ſhe abſolutely compelled me to aſſign over Fifty pounds a year of my Annuity to her, for the four enſuing years; which now helps to ſupport her, and a Banker's Clerk, whom ſhe has lately taken to her *virtuous Bed*, in the eaſe and luxury which they

they ſeem to enjoy. When it is remembered, how many unfortunate, unexperienced women, this extortioner has plundered, not only with impunity, but ſucceſs; how many wretched female captives ſhe has held, (and I believe ſtill holds,) in Goal; —the fortune ſhe has acquired by conſtant impoſitions on youthful folly and credulity,—it muſt excite regret, that there are no laws in force, to ſtop the depredations

of

of ſimilar Miſcreants, almoſt as great nuiſances in ſociety, as thoſe low petty-fogging Attorneys, with whom, for the moſt part, they are connected; and between whom, ſuch an attractive ſympathy exiſts.——For my own part, I am ſo well acquainted with their enormous charges, and the fatal conſequences of them, that I would rather truſt for mercy to the tenderneſs of a Wolf, than to a civilized Barbarian,

barian, like the lady of whom I am now ſpeaking; and I am convinced, from woeful experience, that the generality of perſons in trade, with whom unprotected females have any pecuniary dealings, would be overpaid in receiving one third of their overcharged, extravagant demands. The reader may believe this picture exaggerated, but I can aſſure him *it is not*, Hundreds of thoughtleſs women, beſides

ſides myſelf, having fallen within her ſnares, and from her may date their ruin: To her alone, I am indebted for *Two Years* cloſe confinement in a Gaol; where wretchedneſs and vice of every deſcription rule triumphant;—where no remedy is applied to the relief of one, or the ſuppreſſion of the other;—where every comfort,—every virtue,—is left to depend on the Guinea in our pockets, and where they, who

who have it not, have only the caſual charity of Priſoners themſelves to depend on.

There, even in that gloomy Manſion!—I have often beheld Vice and inſenſibility triumphant; Virtue and tenderneſs of heart, dejected and in tears. The unfortunate friend, whoſe amiable confidence has involved him in debts he was unable to pay: I have here beheld languiſhing,

in want of thoſe neceſſaries, which in happier days, he himſelf had ſo freely adminiſtered to others. The Veteran Soldier, all covered with wounds, which he had received in battle in the ſervice of his King, I have there beheld dying with hunger, naked and forſaken; caſt on the common ſide, a prey to filth and vermin; too proud and conſcious of his own merit, to expoſe his emaciated forlorn figure, to the curious

curious reſearches of his fellow priſoners; chuſing rather to die, than truſt to precarious bounty, ſenſible of his juſt claims on thoſe with whom pity, alas! is ſo ſeldom reſident!

During my reſidence in the King's Bench, the gallant Captain Abbot of the Royal Artillery, then whom, no man in the Army had ever ſerved with more diſtinguiſhed merit, died, literally

in

in that Priſon, through want; in the ſituation which I have deſcribed. This brave man had a wife and three children, who were all drowned on their voyage from America. But all *his ſufferings*, all his ſervices, were of no avail! he was thus left to die without a ſingle enquiry from the part of Government concerning him; and to the immortal honor of a noble Duke, (M——r G——l of

the

Ordnance,) taking advantage of his impriſonment, he ſuſpended him from his ſituation, as Captain in the Royal Artillery.—— Oh! that I could for ever efface the dreadful ſcene from my memory! as it was my misfortune to have known the Gentleman, of whom I now ſpeak, in America;—but the impreſſion is too deep on my heart.

Shortly

Shortly after the death of this my lamented, friend, I obtained my releaſe from the King's Bench; but not from the liberality of thoſe who confined me:—On the contrary, I was under the neceſſity of pleading my Coverture, in the Court of King's Bench, where I obtained a Rule of Court to ſett aſide a deed which I had formerly ſigned, and which my ſituation, as a married woman, made

made illegal.—Thus I was for a time, liberated from confinement; and in the month of January following, I had occaſion to ſummon up all my fortitude; although ſuperſtition be a failing to which I am by no means addicted, ſtill the following circumſtance, may, in the opinion of ſome, expoſe me to the ſuſpicion of being under the influence of that frailty; —In all my days of diſſipated pleaſure, and heart-rending afflictions,

tions, never did an hour paſs that my Father did not preſent himſelf to my imagination. At this time, I dreamed I beheld his Funeral with my youngeſt Brother, as his Chief mourner, and on the Coffin of the deceaſed, lay a bleeding Heart: This dream made ſuch an effect upon my ſenſes, that no perſon could induce me to believe my Father was not actually dead, and ſuch was the aſcendancy of my fears, that I abſolutely put on

deep

deep mourning on the occaſion: In my ſable Robes, I one day met Colonel Small, (an old friend of my Father's) who expreſſed much ſurprize on ſeeing me arrayed in theſe melancholy Emblems of Grief; and inquired into the cauſe. I replied, it were not from theſe outward ſigns of ſorrow he was to judge; as what I ſuffered for the loſs of a much loved Father ſurpaſſed all ſhew: The Colonel anſwered, " your Father

" is in perfect health, as I am in-
" formed by Colonel Kemble,
" who received letters from him
" early in December."

It was a vain attempt of his friends to perſuade me—— The Dream had made ſuch a deep impreſſion on my mind, that I perſiſted to expreſs a certain conviction that he was dead, and gone to receive the reward of his many virtues; and, alas! the following

lowing month realized my fatal apprehenſions reſpecting his Death as he had finiſhed his mortal career on the 10th of December, 1791, in the City of New York, having burſt an Artery of his Heart.

To leave the World with the high reputation which he enjoyed, ſhould ever be the bright emulation of Man: He was univerſally, and moſt juſtly, beloved

by all who knew him.—His remains were followed to the Grave by Three Hundred People, his Pall borne by Eight of the principal Gentlemen of New York; and he was interred in Trinity Church, in the ſame Tomb with his friend Colonel Maitland, Uncle to Lord Lauderdale, who, in dying, made it the laſt requeſt that his aſhes ſhould be mixed with my Father's.—How different the end of his near relation and friend,

the

the late Colonel Moncrieffe, lately killed, fighting in the cauſe of the Combined Powers, before the Walls of Dunkirque!—His kindneſs to me was never interrupted. He was wont to ſympathize with my ſorrows, and to take compaſſion on my follies; and it was ſo much the more cruel, that I ſhould loſe him at a moment when *friends* are ſo very, —very ſcarce; Oh! that I could have evinced my Gratitude, by at-

tending the Brave, Dying Soldier, in his laſt moments; I would have bound his bleeding wound, and, without reſpect to Political opinions, dropping the ſympathetic tear over his mangled corpſe, have chearfully braved the danger, that put a period to his Exiſtence!

My Father's Death now drew upon me once more the attention of my Creditors, who always conſidered

ſidered me entitled to a Fortune, when that event ſhould take place. But ſuch was the hapleſs fate of the ſurviving Children of this Gallant Hero, that they diſcovered the reward of their Parent's Loyalty to be——a total deprivation of all his Property in America! I had been only four months releaſed from a long and dreadful confinement; inflicted on me by the Laws of a Free Country, when I was again

arreſted, and committed for the ſecond time, a priſoner to the King's Bench; and, however repugnant to my own feelings, I found myſelf under the neceſſity of defending the unjuſt actions for which I was confined. In one of theſe cauſes, I had occaſion for more courage than I naturally poſſeſſed; but ſupported by an honeſt, upright heart, I undauntedly repaired to the Court of King's Bench to meet my opponents,

ponents, relying upon the Candour of that Honourable Tribunal to afford me that juſtice which I claimed.——Had my purſuit, like that of Diogenes, been ſeeking for an honeſt man, I ſhould not, perhaps, have explored a Court of Law, wherein to find ſo rare an Object; however, in the midſt of my embarraſſment and confuſion, excited by the cauſe which brought me there, and by the indecent impertinent queſtions, put to me by

the Plaintiffs Counſel—Mr. M—, I felt myſelf much relieved by the able defence made in my favour, by that Ornament of his Profeſſion, Mr. Erſkine.

It is much to be lamented, that Barriſters, in the courſe of their profeſſional purſuits, ſhould conſider themſelves warranted in tormenting witneſſes, (however reſpectable, or intitled to their compaſſion) by the moſt cruel and irrevalent

irrevalent queſtions: I am ſorry to obſerve, that the habitual practices of Mr. M———, expoſe him, perhaps, more than any other of his Profeſſion to this cenſure. In ſaying this, I am aware that I ſay a great deal; but the little Indulgence ſhewn to me, by this Advocate, under the moſt trying circumſtances, warrants more than I have ſaid; and it will be a ſatisfaction to me if this ſhould ever

reach him, and he ſhould profit by the Rebuke.

My Brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, of the ſixtieth Regiment, now on Half-pay, could not be an idle ſpectator of my misfortunes. With him I continued in correſpondence; he pitied my diſtreſs, and generouſly offered to divide his fortune with me, provided my Creditors would conſent

conſent to ſign, in my favor, a Letter of Licence for a few years. —At the ſame time, he advanced a Sum of Money to raiſe my drooping head, and to ſooth the miſeries of the King's Bench Priſon: That heart, which has ever made me an unſuſpecting, unhappy victim to the over-reaching tricks of Lawyers, again expoſed me to ſuffer from them; The *vileſt* of this Profeſſion are thoſe who promiſe the *faireſt*;

and

and hence I again employed one of theſe hopeful Plunderers of Society,—thoſe Petty-foggers who live upon the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate, to defend the remaining Actions for which I was confined, and to effect my Liberation, gave him Sixty Pounds of the Money that had been given me by my Brother; but, inſtead of purſuing *my* intereſt in the friendly manner I had a right to expect, the Money was devoted to pay a

Debt

Debt wherein I ſuppoſe his own Intereſt was concerned.—On this my Brother again wrote to me, deſiring me to take a Copy of my Grandfather's Will out of Doctors Commons; with his deſire I complied, and for this ſervice I was indebted to my much eſteemed Friend, Mr. Walker (the Proctor) and as the Teſtator, my Grandfather, left a large Property in Hampſhire, I found it neceſſary to viſit that place. I therefore

perſiſted

perſiſted in making every effort to emancipate myſelf from the King's Bench, and in conſequence obtained what I deſired.—Therefore, laſt July, I left town to pay a viſit to my Mother's relations, who reſide at Portſmouth, and in its Neighbourhood. Soon after my arrival there, I made it my buſineſs to make every inquiry after my Grandfather's Property, and conſidered it neceſſary to preſent my claim.

The

The Gentleman who has ſo *honourably* poſſeſſed himſelf of the ſaid Eſtates, is my Couſin; but, when I inform the reader that he is a *Lawyer*, it will be a ſufficient Apology for his too ſcrupulous delicacy of Conſcience. This new-found Relation, affected to receive me with extreme tenderneſs, invited me to ſee the Pictures of all my Anceſtors, and gave me every encouragement to ſue for my Grandfather's *Paternal* Eſtate

Eſtate in Scotland; which he informed me had been ſeized by a diſtant Relation,—under the ſuppoſition, that all our Grandfather's Deeds, &c. were loſt with his Widow, at the time ſhe was drowned; but, on my obſerving that I had a Copy of his Will, proved in the Prerogative Court, which abſolutely entitles myſelf and my Brother to all his Property, wherever we could find it,—the honeſt Lawyer ſeemed alarmed,

particularly

particularly as I aſſured him my Brother was determined to inſtitute a Suit in Chancery for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing his claim.

My female Couſins were the firſt to take alarm on my account, and they even went ſo far, as to declare me an Impoſter. Thus I was under the neceſſity of applying to Colonel Mulcaſter*,

* Commandant Engineer at Portſmouth.

who

who was, during my Father's life-time, one of his Friends, and who knew me from my child-hood. From him, I obtained a Certificate that I was the real Daughter of Major Moncrieffe, and Wife to Mr. John Coghlan. Thus, having it in my power to confute the Calumnies of *my good Couſins*, I waited on a very near Relation, a Captain in the Royal Navy, a Gentleman diſtinguiſhed for his Maritime Skill, and not

leſs

leſs ſo for his private Virtues: To him I confided my unhappy ſtory, and received from him the advice to which adverſity is entitled, but which it rarely receives. Platonic Friendſhip Men are apt to hold in Mockery; and thence I was very ſoon accuſed of having kindled tenderer ſenſations in the boſom of my Couſin, merely becauſe he was a young Widower, and had given me an invitation to his houſe, in which he offered me

me a ſecure retreat—an Aſylum from every future *Storm*; and with this honeſt Seaman, I hoped to paſs the remainder of my days, bleſſed with the affectionate ſmiles of *virtuous Friendſhip*. But, alas! how tranſitory, how vain have my purſuits after tranquility and happineſs been! I ever have graſped at a Shadow——the Subſtance I could never attain: The paths of life are ſtrewed with thorns, and when we even gather the Roſe,

we

we are unconſcious for the moment of the Briars that grow beneath it; and which, in one moment, deſtroys the fugitive Phantom that our imagination had raiſed.—— This Friend, who commanded a firſt Rate Man of War, was ordered to the Weſt Indies.

I now received an invitation from two Aunts, who lived nine miles from Portſmouth. On my introduction to theſe good women, I, who

I, who ever deteſt falſehood, candidly acquainted them with every circumſtance of my life, and my mournful tale had ſuch an effect that I was bedewed with the affectionate Tears of two Relations, my Mother's Siſters: They accuſed my Huſband as the Author, of all my Sorrows, and were kind enough to obſerve, that a Woman poſſeſſing ſuch ſenſibility, never could, *from choice*, purſue the dangerous paths of Vice. Alas!

had it been my good fortune to have diſcovered theſe amiable Women, when firſt I fatally left my unkind Huſband's roof, what miſery ſhould I have avoided!—With them, the beauty I poſſeſſed would have ſerved to make me an object of tenderneſs and compaſſion, at the ſame time, that it would have ſet them on their guard againſt the ſnares placed againſt me.——With them, I

might have reſided free from guilt, and my heart, from their inſtructions and example, would have learnt to pity and to pardon, even the faults of *him*, to whom the cuſtoms of Religion, although now ſo faſhionably neglected, had united me.

When I returned to Portſmouth, the abſence of my dear relation, made me reſolve to leave

leave that place. I went therefore, to Southampton, intending to make that town, and Winchester, my route to London. In the courſe of my journey, I met with the Reverend Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Mr. Fazakerley; the former gentleman ever ſhared my eſteem, and I only wiſh Fortune had been more ſparing of her favors to one Brother, and more liberal to *him*

who moſt deſerved them. When I arrived at Southampton, it was impoſſible to obtain Lodgings, the place was ſo crouded. The arrival of a certain wealthy Lord, of Jewiſh extraction, had thrown the town into a ſtate of confuſion;—not from any extraordinary merit his Lordſhip poſſeſſed, ——not from any extraordinary ſtrength of Mind or Body, *like* his nameſake *Sampſon*, the Jew of

of Antiquity,—but from that reſpect which Riches always attract, even when Virtue and Wiſdom fail.—Of this *Accompliſhed, new-made* Peer, it was my intention to have given the Reader a finiſhed portrait; but his Lordſhip, conſcious of his own *Excellencies*, through a ſingular and meritorious delicacy, has intreated me to be ſilent on this ſubject. As generoſity has

ever been the leading feature in my character, I will ſpare his Exquiſite Senſibility the recital of thoſe ſcenes, in which he occaſionally plays ſuch a diſtinguiſhed part, and in which he is reported ſo capitally to excel.—At Wincheſter, my eyes were attracted by the Number of poor French Emigrants, who reſide in that City; Six Hundred and Thirty of whom are daily fed by public

public ſubſcription, and lodged in a Palace of the moſt liberal and charitable Prince, that ever graced the Throne of Great Britain.——In London, the firſt ſcene that preſented itſelf was a Priſon, to which place my old acquaintances, the Sheriffs Officers, without ceremony, conducted me.——From thence, I was almoſt inſtantly releaſed, by the well timed bounty of a perfect ſtranger; on thanking this

ſtranger for his goodneſs, and requeſting to know his name, he declined telling me to whom I was obliged, remarking, that he felt a ſufficient reward, to reſcue a pretty Woman from the confines of a priſon.—This generous benefactor paid above Forty pounds for my liberty, and I have never ceaſed to lament that I ſtill am ignorant of his place of reſidence; that by a diſcovery of the latter, I might offer

offer him the juſt tribute of a ſincerely grateful heart.——The object of his goodneſs, however, was not accompliſhed, for ſuch generoſity only provokes freſh attacks from the watchful Creditor, and his nefarious Attorney. —Arreſt after arreſt, purſues me; from a hope, that friends will not permit me to remain long in confinement. My whole debts it is impoſſible for me to pay, as they almoſt all ariſe from folly

and extravagance, and far exceed my means; but on calculating all *my real debts*, I am certain, Four Hundred Pounds would diſcharge them.——But to raiſe that ſum, where is my hope? Alas! I have no other, than in the Gallantry and Liberality of the Britiſh Nation! A Nation that ſtands eminently conſpicuous on the Rolls of Fame, for acts of Charity and Munificence! But let not oſtentatious deeds,

rehearſed

rehearſed with all the Pomp of of Declamation and Public Acclaim, impede the milder, but not leſs meritorious performance of private benevolence; I was nurſed in the lap of luxury; my mind ſoftened, and perhaps, in ſome degree, debauched by early enjoyments. In thoſe hours, I never wanted friends,—it is only *now*, that they keep far off! but let me hope, this faint effort of a very imperfect Pen,—of one un-

uſed to Literary Eſſays, may ſtill produce the means of ſoothing thoſe ſorrows, by which her life, has of late, been embittered. She ſubmits her ſimple Narrative to the Public, and particularly to that circle of ſociety, in which ſhe herſelf was wont to figure, with ſome degree of eclat.—Let it not be ſaid, that ſhe who never ſued in vain, in the ſoft hours of luxurious dalliance, ſhould now apply in vain, when ſhe is fain

to

to believe that ſhe exhibits ſome teſtimony of her claim to their protection.

Other female candidates for their favor, have formerly appealed to their generous indulgence; moſt of them alſo were, like her, unfortunate. It would ill become the author, to ſay, if their pretenſions were *worſe*, or *better* founded;—as far as her own opinion goes, the *Wretched* are equally

equally entitled to the patronage of the *Rich*;—the only diſtinction which ought to be made, *conſiſts* in this undeniable Truth;—the more wretched the individual, the more forcible that individual's claims.—On this ground, her pretenſions are indiſputable:—— but ſhe has others, and ſhe ſubmits them, not only to the Nation at large, but to the conſideration of that *Great Perſonage*, within whoſe reach ſhe ſincerely hopes, that

that her poor Memoirs may fall. Let him reflect, that ſhe is of a family diſtinguiſhed for their Loyalty to *His Perſon* and Government; ſeveral of whom, have bled, and ſome have died, in his ſervice. Ah! let not the ſources of Royal Munificence be dried up! let the daughter of a Man, known in Perſon by his Merit, not ſolicit in vain from the fountain of all Mercy; or at leaſt, from that fountain, where

Mercy

Mercy ought to flow! Amidſt the ſevere examples of puniſhment, (perhaps of *neceſſary* puniſhment) that we now behold, let them not be unaccompanied with ſome few partial acts of Heaven-born Charity. The ſubject of theſe Memoirs is in deep diſtreſs: —Diſtreſs unknown to Palaces; and may it never approach them; but, if the Higheſt Rank's keep aloof from Poverty, where, alas! is it to ſeek a ſhelter? Let us

look

look to the ſad reverſes incidental to the Human Lot: Not long ſince, when the lofty Turrets of Verſailles ſeemed, as it were, to touch the ſkies;—when the gay, thoughtleſs Inhabitants thereof, perhaps too neglectful of thoſe dreadful ſcenes that ſurrounded their Gorgeous Palaces, little dreamt of what was to befal them! Had they diſplayed more zeal, had they ſhewn more attention to private or public woe,

it not is unlikely, that all which has happened, and all which is likely to happen, might have been avoided.

In this Country, renowned for its free and equal Laws, where we are told, there are no diſtinctions; let not Poverty be ſuffered to rear her Ghaſtly Mien; let not the freeborn ſpirit ſink under the depreſſion of Indigence!

It

It is ſuch dreadful abuſes that damp the ardour of Patriotic Loyalty, and inſpire diſguſt, where all elſe, would be Zeal and Gratitude.

It has been too often, and barbarouſly alledged, that perſons bring their misfortunes on themſelves, and therefore are entitled to no indulgence. Let ſuch cruel, unjuſt objections be

ſcouted.

ſcouted. They are the ſpurious, miſerable objections of proud Proſperity; Humanity rejects them. Are no allowances to be made for the frailties of inexperienced, unprotected youth? Are the perſons who raiſe the objection, exempt from thoſe very frailties they impute to others? Oh, no; but Riches and Power yield a ſhelter againſt every enormity!

Cloath

" Cloath ſin with robes,
" And the ſtrong lance of juſtice, hurt-
" leſs breaks ;
" Cloath it in rags,
" A pigmies ſtraw does break it ;
" Robes and fur gowns, hide all." *

Such are the pitiful pretexts of Avarice, invented by Opulence, againſt the claims of Poverty !

If the Throne would ſet an Illuſtrious example, and attempt to deſtroy that Inequality of

* Shakeſpear.

condition

Condition which now prevails, Revolutions would be no longer heard of:—Miſery be baniſhed from the Earth, the temptations to Vice would be done away, and the frivolous definitions of Monarchies and Republics would excite no diſcuſſion; Men would rejoice under thoſe Governments, where they found Liberty beſt protected.——In England, the Sovereign has undoubtedly many Virtues: No Perſon, perhaps,

perhaps, has fewer Vices; *but Kings* ſhould never neglect the opportunity of doing Good. Negative Praiſe is rarely beneficial, but active Virtue is what the World, according to its preſent Conſtitution, requires.

Princes are conſidered as Gods, they ſhould at leaſt act like Men: What is the firſt duty of Man? To relieve the wants of his fellow Creatures,—to prevent thoſe horrible

horrible ſcenes of diſtreſs, which hourly preſent themſelves.

In England, we all look up to the Throne as the Focus, where every Virtue is, or ought to be concentered; There we admire Private Oeconomy, Connubial Fidelity, Domeſtic Accompliſhments, and Honorable Punctuality! It were to be lamented, that an inattention to the Calamities of the Public, or even of Private Individuals,

Individuals, fallen within its knowledge, ſhould obſcure the Luſtre of thoſe Virtues.

Example, and Experience, are two inſtructive Monitors: The People are led by *one*, and Princes ſhould *profit* by the other.

The Vices, or Virtues, of the Community, depend on the Governments under which they live.—" When the Righteous are

" in Authority, the People re-
" joice; but when the Wicked
" are in Power, the People
" mourn."

How incumbent, therefore, is it in Princes, to profit from Experience; to inculcate good Examples: In that caſe, we ſhould be no longer melancholy witneſſes to the Horrors that have been deſcribed; no longer that diſcord and diſſention would prevail in Society,

Society, which threaten the very exiſtence of the actual Eſtabliſhments! We ſhould be all leagued in one Bond of Confraternity, and the Author of theſe Sheets, without having been Condemned to weep over ſo many of her Family, fallen in the Wars of Britain, would have eſcaped thoſe terrible ſtripes of miſery, which ſhe, in her own Perſon has ſuffered.

May the Repreſentation of God on Earth, in theſe Realms, yield to the Voice of Univerſal Mercy, and may He, amidſt the general impulſe extend its rays to her, than whom none can have more forcible claims on the ſcore of Want, or on the Merits of her worthy, and loyal Family!

DECEMBER 7, 1793.

FINIS.

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